

P O E T I C A L  
A M U S E M E N T S

A T A  
V I L L A

N E A R  
B A T H.

V O L U M E I.

T H E T H I R D E D I T I O N.

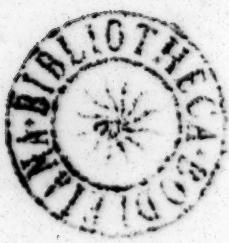
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L O N D O N:

Printed for E D W A R D and C H A R L E S D I L L Y.

And sold by  
W. F R E D E R I C K at Bath.

M D C C L X X V I .



## P R E F A C E.

THE Editor of this little volume thinks it necessary to inform the Reader, that the present publication consists of several poetical contributions of a Society of friends, of whom the greater number visited weekly, upon a fixed day, at a VILLA within a small distance of the city of Bath.

Here it was imagined, as an additional source of amusement, to naturalize a little *Gallic Institution*, which has been productive of much wit and pleasantry to that light and sprightly nation.—Words were given out that rhymed to each other, by the French called *Bouts Rimées*, (to be filled up in metre) for the following Friday; to which was afterwards added, a *Subject at large*, for those who should prefer unshackled numbers.

The candid Reader will please to recollect, whilst he turns over these pages, that they were frequently the production of a few days,—most of them of as many hours:—That they originated amidst the hurry of plays, balls, public breakfasts, and concerts, and all the dissipations of a full *Bath Season*—alike unfriendly to Contemplation and the Muses:—That their authors did not foresee their appearance under their present form, and had for the most part little leisure to improve or to correct them.

In regard to the *Bouts Rimées*, the Editor wishes the Reader (if he has not already made the experiment) to cover over any one of these little pieces to the rhyming ends; and when he has filled it up to his own satisfaction, he may then be allowed a competent judge of the merit and difficulty of this species of composition.

The Editor does not apprehend private confidence wounded in the present publication, as the greater part

part of these poems were acknowledged by their Authors in numerous assemblies, and with their approbation copied and dispersed through every quarter of England. Many of the best of them have suffered considerably by a negligent or faulty transcription. Such are here restored from their originals;—and not a few have made their appearance to which carelessness had denied that share of correction which their authors were so capable of giving them. *These* it has been our endeavour to suppress.

Should politeness to the Institution and Institutress be found to occupy too large a portion of these sheets, the Editor must rest his justification upon the exclusion of many elegant and ingenious little pieces, (from a mere motive of delicacy) that would have done equal honour to the authors, as to the person and subject of their address.

No partiality to subjects or persons has directed our choice in the present selection: Such preference would

have been as inconsistent with that degree of cordiality and good-will to each other, originating from the like liberal pursuits and intercourse amongst its members, as with the *present* success of our institution, which *still subsists.*

Should the novelty of this publication so far excite curiosity as to *encourage* a considerable demand for these Poems, the Charitable and Humane will with pleasure reflect, that any little profit arising from its sale (the reasonable expences of printing, &c. first defrayed) is destined to the assistance of one of the most deserving and importunate Charitable Establishments\* with which this country is acquainted.

*Happy,*

\* The PAUPER-SCHEME is a Charity of some years establishment, endowed, however, with no fund but such as arises from casual annual subscriptions, or from the benefactions of the company who occasionally resort to this place. It was instituted for the benefit and relief of poor labourers, and other indigent persons, who are afflicted with diseases, or have met with accidents, and are too far distant from their own parochial habitations, or who have no settlement from which

*Happy, under any treatment reserved for us by the Critics, should we succeed in making our innocent and liberal Amusements in any degree tributary to the great work of CHARITY.*

*N. B.* The Vase, and Sprigs of Bay or Myrtle, frequently alluded to in the following Poems, are not emblematical, but real : Of the former of which, there is a tolerable representation in the Frontispiece, with its decorations of Laurel Branches, &c. upon its present modern altar. This Vase was found by a labouring man in 1769 at Frescati, near the spot where is supposed formerly to have stood the Tusculanum of Cicero, and by its workmanship seems not unworthy of such an owner. It is at present the receptacle of all the contending

which they can either expect or hope for any assistance. It is computed, upon an average, that advice and medicines are yearly administered, gratis, to twelve hundred patients, and upwards, who (without such a resource as this) must inevitably perish in the public streets.— An establishment of such universal benevolence, has, nevertheless, lately languished and fallen off, and therefore now calls for universal protection.

poetical morsels which every other Thursday (formerly Friday) are drawn out of it indiscriminately, and read aloud by the Gentlemen present, each in his turn. Their particular merits are afterwards discussed by them, and prizes assigned to three out of the whole that appear to be the most deserving. Their authors are then, and not before, called for, who seldom fail to be *announced* either by themselves, or, if absent, by their friends : Then the prize poems are read a second time to the company, each by its author, if present, if not, by other Gentlemen, and wreaths of Myrtle presented publicly by the Institutress to each successful writer.



## POETICAL AMUSEMENTS, &c.

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### Bouts Rimées.

*Hon. Mr. PH—ps.*

HARD to my muse it is, I must	confess,
In fix fix'd rhymes aught witty to	express;
Why did I mix with Wits ? who must	detest
And crush my follies, which their sense	molest,
Thus the poor mole, who rises into	light,
Dies when he meets the sun's resplendent	might.

W. C—CH, Esq.

IN a beautiful woman, you all must confess,  
 There is something more charming than words  
     can express;  
 But if me this same beauty should chance to detest,  
 No fright upon earth has such power to molest:  
 Of her taste and her judgment I then should  
     think light,  
 And I would be reveng'd on her charms—if I might.

---

No. I.

E N I G M A\*. Mrs. M—LL—R.

CRUSH'D by oppression's weight, thou shalt confess,  
 The woes I feel my fury can't express;  
 Straggling and choak'd, how can I but detest  
 The tyrant's gripe, who would my soul molest:

\* An explanation of the Enigmas is subjoined to the work.

E'en

E'en in that moment forc'd to jig it                      light,  
 Tho' beaten—wounded—dance with all my                      might.

---

## Bouts Rimées.

*On Miss M—N—LL.*

READ in her eyes her gentle                      heart;  
 But, O ! beware the fatal                      dart !  
 Her eyes have wond'rous power to                      bind,  
 As those who gaze too quickly                      find :  
 Then will you seek the shades of                      night,  
 And shun, like me, the hated                      light,  
 To higher joys I'll ne'er                      aspire  
 Than to her voice to tune my                      lyre.

To CHLOE.

M-Q-ss of C-M-R-N.

**WHEN** every virtue which adorns the heart  
Unite, and add new force to beauty's dart,  
Hard were the task, a worthy bard to find,  
To sing the chains thy happy captive bind.  
Mortals in vain to lays divine aspire,  
When heav'n is sung, Phœbus must tune the lyre.

## To an ABSENT FRIEND.

*Miss El-K-R.*

May angel's guard thee thro' the vale of night;  
May blessings wait thee at the dawn of light;  
To all that's great and good may'st thou aspire;  
In gayer moments tune th' harmonic lyre!

## Bouts Rimées.

**A**S the bee toils for honey, the bard toils for fame,  
Whilst the queen on her throne orders all  
in her name ;  
On Mount Hybla each Friday to swarm, and  
there strive  
The drones, their grave judges, of gall to deprive.  
But the sweetest of honey an acid may prove,  
And the bee when he hums, sting his Queen  
in sheer love.

G. P.—TT,

## G. P—TT, Esq.

**A**POLLO of late, in defence of his fame,  
**C**onvok'd to his temple each muse by her name ;  
**Y**our *Bathaston Rivals* let's hafte to deprive  
**O**f their talents, he cry'd, ere for conquest  
 they strive ;  
**S**hould Parnassus with Ida combine, *they* may prove  
**T**oo potent in song, when thus aided by love.

---

ACROSTIC, *By the same.*

**M**ISTAKEN man ! to court an empty name ;  
**I**n toil and carnage lies the road to fame !  
**L**et others, 'midst the thorns of glory strive ;  
**L**et them the soul of its first joys deprive :  
**E**ntron'd in bliss, be thine these joys to prove,—  
**E**paid these initials,—gaze, admire, and love.

*By*

( 7 )

*By the same.*

A DAMSEL's hard by, as fair as her fame,  
(She hears, and would blush did I utter her name)  
Who against each soft impulse can warily strive,  
While each swain of his heart she is sure to deprive.  
Grant me to this rule an exception to prove,  
Ere I die at her feet, may she pity, and love.

---

No. II.

**E N I G M A.** *Sir C—s S—d—y, Bart.*

I'm a little black gentleman, ladies, of fame,  
Not handsome, but civil, if call'd by my name ;  
To play slyly with me you most artfully strive,  
For my sake of cotillons your partners deprive ;  
Take me in, if you can, for faithful I'll prove,  
Turn me up, and I'll rival the king in your love.

**G. P—TT,**

( 8 )

G. P—TT, Esq.

WHO, bartering sentiment for love of fame,  
Can steel his heart to dignify his name ;  
Can 'gainst the gentle tide of passion strive,  
And of its choicest bliss his soul deprive ;  
May he the wrath of slighted Venus prove,  
The dire pangs of unsuccessful love.

---

Bouts Rimées.

L A U R A.

JUST are the praises given your calm retreat ;  
Blest scenes ! (here Genius' native offspring meet)  
That grace soft Avon's silver streams below,  
Which, by your verse inspir'd, more softly flow ;  
Where you, all pleasing, thro' the early day,  
Sweetly encharm, are innocently gay ;  
Whose

Whose taste the surliest cynic must approve,  
And feel his passion thawing into love.

No. III.

# E N I G M A.

FOND youth, who tread'st bright beauty's ground,  
Trust not the eye, but watch my rising found;  
Tho' long conceal'd among the young and gay,  
And almost stifled at the ball and play;  
My soothing breath shall make the lover sing,  
And to his ardent vows the fair-one bring;  
Yet oft I wander plaintive thro' the grove,  
The sad companion of forsaken love.

## Bouts Rimées.

## A C R O S T I C.

**M**ALGRE weather and dirt, with each

foot in a pattin,

I with pleasure would walk, tho' deck'd

out in my fattin,

**L**ike a high-pamper'd cit, to regale on an oglio :—

**L**et me have good eating,—give students

their folio.

**E**ngag'd, a repast so delicious to feast on,

**R**espectful I'd pay my devoirs at Batheaston.

*Her Gr—e the D—s of N—M—R—D.*

**T**HE pen, which I now take and brandish,

Has long lain useless in my standish.

Know, ev'ry maid, from her in pattin,

To her who shines in glossy fattin,

That

That could they now prepare an oglio  
 From best receipt of book in folio,  
 Ever so fine, for all their puffing,  
 I should prefer a butter'd muffin.  
 A muffin, Jove himself might feast on,  
 If eat with Miller at Batheaston.

---

HAD I but strength a sword to brandish,  
 I'd call him out who wrote down standish.  
 I ride in coach, so need no pattin ;  
 I'm also sometimes dress'd in fattin.  
 The epicures may write a folio  
 In commendation of an oglio,  
 And may, perhaps, extol a puffing,  
 Yet I to each prefer a muffin ;—  
 But what is it we do not feast on  
 When we assemble at Batheaston ?

A WEEK before all hands do  
 Pens, pencils, paper, ink, and  
 Tho' none admitted in a  
 But all, if dress'd in silk and  
 Provided they've compos'd an  
 Most are in luck, 'tis not a  
 From fright can't eat a bit of  
 Or e'en so much as think on  
 Who would not go two miles to  
 The wit abounding at

brandish  
 ftandish ;  
 pattin,  
 fattin ;  
 oglion,—  
 folio.  
 muffin,  
 puffing.  
 feast on  
 Batheaston ?

### Bouts Rimées.

*Lord Vis*c*. P—M—T—N.*

WHILE Flora's sweet treasures enamel the ground,  
 And the woodlands and hedges with music resound,

In

In crowds on the green see the villagers gay,  
 For a garland contend in their innocent play:  
 But taught, my dear girl, by the birds as they sing,  
 What softer enjoyments the season can bring,  
 We'll shun the loud tumult, and steal to the grove,  
 Where the prize shall be beauty, the sport  
 shall be love.

---

*Par Mons. du TEMS.*

*La Belle Assemblée au Chateau de Batbeaston.*

DANS ce séjour agréable,  
 Sous les auspices de Climene,  
 Chacun tache de se rendre aimable,  
 Et conte avec ardeur ses peines.

C'est ici que nous voyons renaitre,  
 Le temps des jeux et des ris,

Et Clémene en en faisant paroître,  
Nous donne à chacun de l'esprit.

---

*By the same.*

*L'Amour jouant au Piquet avec Glycère.*

To Mrs. MILLER.

AU piquet avec ma Glycère  
L'amour joüoit un jour aux baisers, et perdit ;  
Il paye, et met son arc, ses fléches, ma bergère  
Le fait capot et gagne ; Amour plein de dépit  
Risque les effets de sa mère,  
Ses Colombes, ses tourtereaux  
Son attelage de moineaux,  
Et sa ceinture séduisante ;  
Perd tout cela, de sa bouche charmante

Il joue ensuite le corail,  
 L'albatre de son front, l'émail  
 De son tein de lis et de roses,  
 La fossette de son menton

Et mille autres beautés nouvellement écloses:

Le jeu s'échausse, et le petit fripon

Sans ressource, et tout en furie,

Contre mes yeux, va le tout, il s'écrie !

Glycère gagne et l'amour consterné

Se lève aveugle et ruiné.

Amour ! de l'insensible est-ce donc là l'ouvrage ?

Hélas, pour moi quel funeste présage !

*Receipt to make a Bouts Rimées.*

G. P—TT, Esq.

TAKE of jest and of humour, an ounce at a time,  
 Mix the flowers of fancy, and tincture of rhyme;

To some smart repartees, add the essence of bays,  
 With the sugar of sense, just to sweeten your lays ;  
 Then quick lively ideas throw in at your pleasure,  
 Of the spirit of wit add some drops at your leisure.

---

SAYS my Muse, now this time  
 Shew your talent for rhyme,  
 And let Miller inspire your lays ;  
 Then conceive with what pleasure  
 I've employ'd all my leisure,  
 To receive from her fair hand the bays.

---

LET catcut musicians dispute about time,  
 And poor garret poets get dinners by rhyme ;  
 Let Garrick amuse you in Lear, or in Bayes,  
 And lawyers torment you by tedious de- lays ;  
My

My time shall be wholly devoted to pleasure,  
I'll be gay while I'm young, and repent at my leisure.

---

No. IV.

### E N I G M A.

I TRACE my pedigree from early time,  
Confin'd, I travel fast, with prose, and rhyme;  
I spread the hero's fame, increase his bays,  
And though 'tis I rehearse your lover's lays,  
You break my arms, e'er I can give you pleasure,  
And burn me, cruel ladies, at your leisure.

---

No. V.

### E N I G M A. Mrs. M—LL—R.

EVER brilliant, ever charming, I defy the time  
power of To  
To deprive me of adorers, tho' oft I'm pur-  
chas'd by a rhyme;  
To

To polish my glowing beauties, poets would  
 resign the bays ;

Court and senate, still contending, sing my  
 praise in various lays :

Midnight ball, nor opera, glitt'ring, without  
 me afford no pleasure ;

Yet joyless pass his anxious moments, who  
 to me devotes his leisure.

---

**O**H ! stay thy flight, good Father Time,  
 Whilst I petition thee in rhyme ;  
 Grant me for once a crown of bays,  
 Else there's an end of all my lays.  
 Without reward, who'd toil with pleasure ?  
 Time crossly answer'd, " Drones, at leisure."

---

A GROUP of wits upon a  
 Assembled, each to shew their  
 And never doubted but the  
 Must crown the merit of their  
 When Judgment, with exulting  
 Laugh'd at six lines, from six days

time,  
 rhyme;  
 bays  
 lays:  
 pleasure,  
 leisure.

*Mrs. L—R—CHE.*

TO visit fair Miller, I grudge not my  
 And wish I could say all I think in good  
 I rose very early, for fear of de-  
 And set off for Batheaston, with four nimble bays:  
 So I hope she'll accept of my visit with  
 And return me the compliment, when at her leisure.

'TIS

'T IS in vain, my good friend, quoth A-  
 pollo to Time,  
 That you sharpen your scythe 'gainst us deal-  
 ers in rhyme ;  
 Still green on our foreheads shall flourish our bays,  
 Whilst Miller encourages us, and our lays.  
 Ever more at Batheaston we'll revel in pleasure,  
 While you your dull weapon may whet at your leisure.

---

I F, to devote my life and time,  
 To sing your praise in every rhyme ;  
 If, to desire no other bays  
 Than your approving of my lays,  
 Can give my fair a moment's pleasure,  
 Reward me with a smile at leisure.

ON

ON the road to Bathaston I overtook Time,  
 And wish'd him much joy on his wedding with rhyme;  
 I told him some nymphs were preparing the bays  
 For those on his nuptials who sung the best lays.  
 Is it so, quoth the sage, if in matching they've pleasure,  
 I desire for themselves they'll provide at their leisure.

---



---

## Bouts Rimées.

*On Miss P—TT. By Mrs. R—S.*

MARCIA has a snowy	breast ;
Marcia smiles, her heart's at	rest ;
Marcia's fair, amongst the	fair ;
Marcia is the Muse's	care ;
Marcia's sweet as blooming	May ;
Marcia's bright as summer's	day ;
Marcia thinks not of	hereafter ;
Marcia thinks of joy and	laughter.

## ENIGMA. E—D D—x, Eſq.

A FEMALE once had me lock'd up in her breast;  
 But I rumbled, and tumbled, and gave her no rest;  
 Just ready to burst, the delicate fair  
 Seem'd vastly opprest with cholic and care :  
 Then she'd fidget about, in hopes that she may  
 Give me vent in a corner, and let me see day.  
 But I'm not what I seem—so, ladies, hereafter,  
 I hope, when you know me, 'twill occasion  
 some laughter.

---

YOUR beauty such havock has made in my breast,  
 Since Friday I ha'n't had a moment of rest :  
 The Graces, and Loves, when they made  
 you so fair,  
 For the ease of us, mortals, forgot all their care :

At the VILLA you shone, like the queen of  
 the May,  
 Like a star in the night, or the sun at noon day ;  
 Then let your poor bard be rewarded hereafter  
 With a smile, and he's paid, fully paid, by  
 your laughter.

---

THE sight of dear Silvia has robb'd me of rest ;  
 So gentle, so charming, so lovely, her breast ;  
 I could feast on her smiles and her dimples all day,  
 She is sweeter by far than the flowers in May :  
 Than the Goddess of Love more blooming  
 and fair,  
 She still doth enchant me, in spite of my care ;  
 I try all I can to divert her with laughter,  
 In hopes she'll reward me with blisses hereafter.

YE writers for nosegays, ye young, and ye fair,  
Accept my advice, and of envy take care ;  
It's a weed that will poison, and rob you of rest,  
It will spoil your complexion, and trouble  
your breast ;  
It makes you say things, that you must see hereafter.  
In a more serious light, tho' they now afford laughter :  
Your theme might as well have been Flow-  
ers, or May,  
For you bark'd, without biting, the last gala day.

## Bouts Rimées.

M—Q—SS of C—M—R—N.

You'll say, perhaps, 'twas some sequester'd bower,  
 Where this bright God display'd his artless power :  
 But, no—in other scenes his numbers glow—  
 Thine chief, BATHEASTON, whence those  
 numbers flow.

---

*By the same.*

TO Avon's banks the muse once took her flight,  
 No longer finding town afford delight,  
 When on a rising ground she spied a bower,  
 Where Wit and Beauty share each other's power ;  
 Where sacred plants with freshest verdure glow,  
 To grace those numbers which from beauty flow.

---

'T IS droll to observe, with what whimsical flight  
 Each fancy's inspir'd for the muse's delight ;

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C

Love,

**L**ove, marriage, and ghosts, have all enter'd  
 the bower,  
**A**nd every invention has shewn its full power ;  
**F**or fame ev'ry heart in this circle must glow ;  
**B**ut, ye wits, and ye judges, on me let it flow.

---

**F**ROM Bath to Easton haste your flight,  
**P**repare for scenes of sweet delight :  
**M**ILLER, to please, exerts her power,  
**A**nd asks you to her charming bower,  
**W**here Nature joins, in concert meet,  
**W**ith Taste, to make the place complete :  
**M**ay joy and mirth there ever glow,  
**A**s long as Avon's streams shall flow.

---

## Bouts Rimées.

LAST week my poor heart took a sudden alarm,  
 From a fair one, possess'd of full many a charm ;  
 But a fairer than she has since happen'd to fall  
 In my way, as I danc'd at Cornellys' last ball :  
 And yet a *still fairer* appear'd on the stage—  
 The others I lov'd, but for this I've a rage :  
 All the joy that men know is in changing their state,  
 And blindly believe that their folly's their fate.

---

No. VII.

ENIGMA. Mrs. M—LL—R.

THE breast of a goddess I once did alarm ;  
 With my beauty and voice she fear'd I should charm  
 Her slumbering swain,—so determin'd my fall,  
 And diminish'd my figure ;—yet I at a ball

C 2

Am

Am brisk, nimble, and airy—sometimes on the stage,  
 I've startled the heroes, augmenting their rage;  
 Tho' the Grand Turk were present, unaw'd  
 by his state,  
 On his Fatima's lips I'd again tempt my fate.

---

## No. VIII.

## E N I G M A.

I'M a thing which too often occasions alarm,  
 But if known when I'm seen I more frequently charm ;  
 To a bush I stick fast, for fear of a fall ;  
 At midnight I'm bright as a beau at a ball :  
 My brethren and I could enlighten the stage,  
 Allowing full scope for the actors to rage ;  
 Of my kindred you'll find some in every state,  
 Who in gloom, or in splendor, submit to their fate.

WHERE

WHERE critic smiles the trembling bard alarm,  
 And belles have satire ambush'd in each charm,  
 I can no more expect to 'scape a fall,  
 Than if the boards were butter'd at the ball :  
 Or if I should attempt Batheaston's stage,  
 With smiling prologue, or with tragic rage,  
 Yawns would pronounce my comic-power's fate,  
 And stifled smiles destroy my tragic state.

---

*To the Gentlemen who are to determine the Merit  
 of the Verses at Batheaston Villa.*

DID you know, firs, what fears my poor bosom alarm,  
 How ambitious I am that my verses may charm ;

How I puzzled my brains to get in the word fall,

{For I thought on nought else all last night at

the

ball ;)

Then rummag'd and search'd all the plays on

the

stage,

For some furious idea to tally with

rage ;

You surely would pity my sorrowful

state,

And a sweet sprig of myrtle would settle my fate.

The Author humbly desires the Reader will be so good as  
to begin at the last Line.

No. IX.

### E N I G M A. *Ad—l K—P—L.*

I HAVE often been heard to sound an

alarm ;

When first I'm beheld, I most certainly

charm ;

I'm surely destroy'd if ever I

fall ;

Few people without me e'er go to a

ball.

The'

Tho' my motions are good, I'm not fit for the stage ;  
 Many times do I strike,—but never in rage ;  
 Many thousands are offer'd to perfect my state ;  
 To sail round the world has long been my fate.

---

*Address'd to C. A—TY, Esq; from Batheaston Villa.*

Occasioned by his elegant STANZAS, which appeared  
 in the Bath Journal of the 7th of March.

J. M—LL—R, Esq;

GUARDIAN of genius, and of truth,  
 Protector of aspiring youth,  
 Still condescend to be :  
 Oh ! still approve our artless strains,  
 Our rural shades, and classic themes,  
 So sweetly sung by thee.

Thy muse in vain would rest conceal'd,  
 By ev'ry thought and word reveal'd  
 That can her truth ensure ;  
 Full well, I ween, thy sacred wand,  
 \* That *Angel's* spear is in thy hand,  
 Which falsehood can't endure.

† Avon, no more thy Shakespeare grieve,  
 His favourite son, from † Cam receive,  
 Thy triumphs to prolong :  
 Again we hear his long-lost notes,  
 Their sound re-echoed sweetly floats  
 Thy verdant banks along.

\* Ithuriel. Vide Milton's Paradise Lost. Book iv. l. 810.

† Shakespeare was born at Stratford upon Avon.

‡ The river Cam. Mr. A——~~thy~~ was born in Cambridgeshire, and educated at the University of Cambridge.

Forsaken Cam ! thy fate we mourn,  
Thy fairest flower unkindly torn,  
To grace proud Avon's shore :  
Thy Naiads lament, with plaintive sighs,  
Dishevel'd hair, and streaming eyes,  
Since A—TY's thine no more.

Sweet bard ! who can thy fame rehearse ?  
Thy blameless manners, or thy verse ?  
Above all pride and praise !  
Thy sportive muse, *for ever new,*  
Some *trackless path* doth still pursue,  
And still our wonder raise.

---

## SUBJECTS

## S U B J E C T S   G I V E N.

*The Power of Love.*   \*\*\*\* ST—LY, Esq.

TELL me, ye fair ones, tell me, pray,  
 What man was e'er so stupid  
 As to deny th' extensive sway,  
 And wond'rous power, of Cupid ?

'Tis Love that looses Scandal's tongue,  
 And sets old hags a prating :  
 Love flutters round the convent wall,  
 And darts in through the grating.

The haughty Tyrant, fear'd by all,  
 Though fierce as Kalmuk Tartar,  
 Will stoop upon his bended knee,  
 To tie a damsel's garter.

The

The Trojan Chief, (if Fame says true)

Who fear'd not blood or thunder,

When in the cave he met the Queen,

To Dido's charms knock'd under.

The fierce Achilles, of whose feats

Old Homer makes a pothes,

When from the tent his girl they took,

He cry'd, and told his mother.

The charms of Omphale appear'd

To Hercules so winning,

The hero's club was thrown aside

T' assist the Queen in spinning.

E'en Jove himself, whom Gods adore,

That Lord of the Creation,

Has oft times deign'd with mortal maids

To steal a fly flirtation.

As Bathsheba, one evening late,  
 Was dabbling in the water,  
 King David cast his eyes that way,  
 And in the action caught her :

Then thus the Prince, in plaintive mood,  
 Bespoke the good Uriah,  
 Love triumphs o'er the mighty king  
 Who slew the great Goliah.

Though hard and bold as Charles the Swede,  
 And though like Broughton bony,  
 Love makes us all as meek and tame  
 As gentle Macaroni.

*The P O W E R of M U S I C.*

ORPHEUS, one day, having nicely compar'd  
 The sweets and the sorrows of life,

Down to the mansions of Pluto descended,

And beg'd he'd restore him his wife.

Though Pluto was struck with silent amaze,

And star'd at so strange a demand,

Yet without much intreaty he granted his pray'r,

And deliver'd her into his hand.

Orpheus immediately struck up his lyre,

With joy and with gratitude fir'd;

The spectres around gave ear to his lays,

Whilst he sung what the muses inspir'd.

Grim Pluto was charm'd, and swore by the Styx,

Himself to the bard thus addressing,

" That short-sighted mortals often implore

" A curse instead of a blessing.

" Once

Once more then I'll take your Eurydice back,  
 " In reward for your playing so well,  
 " And free you for ever from petticoat sway,  
 " Such charms has your music in hell."

---

## ON L O V E.

WITH bow unstrung, and arrows broke,  
 Young Cupid to his mother ran,  
 And tears fast gushing as he spoke,  
 He thus his sad complaint began :

" Ah ! where is now that boasted pow'r,  
 " Which kings and heroes once confess'd ?  
 " I try my arrows o'er and o'er,  
 " But find they cannot reach the breast.

" I fe

“ I seek the rooms, the play, the ball,

“ Where beauty spreads her brightest charms :

“ But lost in crowds, my arrows fall,

“ And pleasure scorns my feeble arms.

“ Yet real pleasure is not there,

“ The phantom still eludes their aim ;

“ In dissipation’s careless air

“ They seek her charms,—but seek in vain.

“ Here pride essayes my dart to throw,

“ But from her hand they ne’er can harm,

“ For still she turns aside the blow—

“ Not beauty’s self with pride can charm.

“ Coquetry here, with roving eyes,

“ Quick darts a thousand arrows round ;

“ She thinks to conquer by surprize,

“ But, ah ! those arrows never wound.

“ Here

" Here cunning boasts to guide their course,  
 " With cautious aim, and fly design ;  
 " But still she checks her native force,  
 " Touch'd by her hand, they drop from mine.  
  
 " Here affectation taints the smile,  
 " Which else had darted love around ;  
 " The charms of art can ne'er beguile,—  
 " But where shall nature's charms be found ?  
  
 " While these their various arts essay,  
 " And vainly strive to gain the heart,  
 " Good-sense disdainful turns away,  
 " And reason scorns my pointless dart.  
  
 " Yet they to Love were once ally'd,—  
 " For Love could every joy dispense ;  
 " Sweet Pleasure smil'd by Virtue's side,  
 " And Love was pair'd with Innocence."

Fair Venus clasp'd her darling child,  
 And gently sooth'd his anxious breast:—  
 “ Resume thy darts, she said, and smil'd,  
 “ Thy wrongs shall quickly be redres'd.  
  
 “ With artless blush, and gentle mien,  
 “ With charms, unknowing art or care,  
 “ With all the Graces in her train,  
 “ The lovely ANNA \* shall appear.  
  
 “ Go then, my boy, to earth again,  
 “ Once more assume despotic pow'r :  
 “ For Modesty with her shall reign,  
 “ And Sense and Reason must adore.”

\* Miss A. MEYNELL.

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## Bouts Rimées.

*Invocation on the Death of Mr. HANDEL.*

**C**OME, sweet Musæus, (angels weep thy stay)  
 Join kindred strains, and bend this blissful way ;  
 Come, sweet Musæus, aid our pure design ;  
 Thy heavenly tributes due, proud earth, resign.  
 When prostrate saints thy songs, enraptur'd, tender,  
 When burning seraphs loud hosannas render,  
 Th' angelic host shall feel new joys abound,  
 Hush their own harps, and shout, " let his resound."

---

No. X.

ENIGMA. \*\*\*\* A—K—N, Efq.

**I**N dancing, from time should you happen to stray,  
 Attend to my voice, and you'll soon find the way:

To

To inspire mirth and joy is my greatest design,  
 Though sometimes to sorrow, my pow'rs I resign.  
 My person is small, and my frame is but tender,  
 Yet my neck to men's hands I freely sur- render ;  
 And with talents so rare does my nature abound,  
 That in places most sacred I sometimes resound.

---

## A NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Nancy Dawson*.

YE belles, ye beaux, ye wits, and all,  
 From concert, cotillon, and ball,  
 Come, come with me, attend the call  
 Of Miller, at Batheaston.

No roof on earth with her's can vie  
 For mirth, and easy pleasantry ;  
 Come, feast your ear, and please your eye,  
 With Miller, at Batheaston.

( 44 )

Amelia's rising charms you'll see,  
And hear the notes of S—, A—, B—,  
Rehears'd in sweetest melody  
By Miller, at Batheaston.

Sweet Pitt, and Meynell, lovely pair !  
And Johnston, too, will sure be there ;  
Selected all with greatest care  
By Miller, at Batheaston.

Old Tully's vase you there will find,  
Replete with verse of every kind,  
To form a wreath, the brow to bind  
Of Miller, at Batheaston.

Haste, haste then all, to celebrate,  
With jocund mirth and joy elate,  
The easy pomp and happy state  
Of Miller, at Batheaston.

Pale

Pale Envy, keep thou far away,—  
 In town thou'l find sufficient prey ;—  
 Nor near the festive bower stray  
 Of Miller, at Batheaston.

But hither, pr'ythee hither flee,  
 Ye Muses nine, and Graces three,  
 And follow, follow, follow me  
 To Miller, at Batheaston.

---

### Bouts Rimées.

A W I S H.

W	HENE'ER	my lot in life is fix'd by	chance,
Far be it mov'd from Envy's prying		glance ;	
Where I may wander free each rising		morn,	
When pearly dew-drops Nature's charms		adorn :	

Near to the covert of some woody hill,  
 Whose side is water'd by a purling rill ;  
 There, as I stray, some pleasing subject chuse,  
 And in sweet solitude invoke a muse.

---

## S U B J E C T. F A S H I O N.

\*\*\*\* K—N—N.

FROM Fashion's sons, whose minds are  
 form'd on chance,  
 Whose lives are but a whim, and thought a glance,  
 Far thence remov'd, let me, each rising morn,  
 The Fashions watch that Nature's scenes adorn ;  
 Bend o'er the landscape from some cloud-top'd hill,  
 Or deep in shady woods admire the rill :  
 Thus, by Love's magic guarded, would I chuse,  
 To court religion, science, and the muse.

S U B J E C T.

S U B J E C T. *The Month of April.*

C. W. B—F—LD, Esq.

COME, April, month of various kinds,  
 With Summer's fun, and Winter's winds,  
 Whose varied clime, and lengthen'd day,  
 Blend show'ry March with blooming May ;  
 Capricious month ! who oft can shew  
 A vi'llet in a bed of snow,  
 Mourning its wasted ill-plac'd charms,  
 Like beauteous youth in age's arms.

Come,—but preserve thy softer grace,  
 And wear thy younger spring-time face ;  
 Such as, in mild Arcadian bowers,  
 The shepherds view thee crown'd with flowers ;  
 When many a youthful swain is seen  
 Weaving gay chaplets on the green,

To deck the nymph, whose laughing eye,  
 In dalliance mocks his tender sigh ;  
 Though pleas'd to see his constant flame,  
 Come Spring, come Winter, still the same.

But hide, oh ! hide thy brow severe,  
 Stern remnant of past seasons drear !  
 The bleak east wind, the rattling hail,  
 That sweeping down th' affrighted dale,  
 Blight the young king-cups in their bed,  
 And bruise the early cowslip's head ;  
 Whilst the young swallow's eager haste  
 Is check'd by many a wintry blast,  
 Who mourns the treach'rous smiles of Spring,  
 And, drooping, hangs her lifeless wing.

Alas, poor bird ! thy source of woe  
 The giant sons of reason know ;

Their



Their brightest prospects as they rise  
 Are clouded o'er like April skies :  
 And Hope, whose sweetly-tempting ray  
 First led them on their vent'rous way,  
 Leaves them, dejected and forlorn,  
 To lose the rose, and grasp the thorn.  
 Fate's adverse storms that gather round,  
 Deforming all their fairest ground,  
 Prove the sad maxim but too true,  
 That they, alas ! as well as you,  
 Trusting too far an April sun,  
 Droop, disappointed and undone.

---

*Same Subject. J. G—CH, Esq.*

CAPRICIOUS April ! like the smiling fair,  
 Blooming with charms, inconstant as the air,

Produces

Produces changes in the youthful heart,  
 Too prone to take the light and fickle part.  
 The tender youth now feels the power of love ;  
 Now the coy nymph has April showers to move ;  
 Capricious Love in various shapes appears,  
 All heat and ardour, or all storms and tears ;  
 The hopeless passion, Winter long conceal'd,  
 Shall, with success, in April be reveal'd.  
 That genial warmth, which has inspir'd the youth,  
 Shall teach the fair one to believe his truth ;  
 And the same sun which softens female hearts,  
 To Nature's bosom boundless gifts imparts.  
 April unlocks the frozen breast of earth,  
 And gives the flowers, to deck her bosom, birth ;  
 The golden crocus blazons Nature's Spring,  
 With mild gradations does her work begin ;

The white-rob'd snow-drop, with retiring grace,  
 Like virgin modesty, conceals her face :  
 All vegetation now exerts her power,  
 And life and strength receives from every shower ;  
 Progressive charms in April daily shines,  
 But yet *Perfection* she to May resigns :  
 For still the contest 'twixt the heat and cold  
 Makes bursting plants so cautiously unfold  
 Those timid charms, which youth should always boast,  
 Unkindly dealt with may be ever lost.  
 So gentle April shall subdue at last  
 The nipping frost, and cruel northern blast.

Yet, if the sages have determin'd right,  
 That joys in prospect give us most delight ;  
 That human nature, never finding rest,  
 Still think the distant object always best ;

Sure

Sure April, then, has this peculiar power,—  
 Gay Hope attends the sun-shine and the shower;  
 Bright Hope in April gilds the length'ning day,  
 For April leads old Time to jocund May :  
 And April shall that pleasing dream bestow,  
 That whispers, Summer shall with joy o'erflow :—  
 Yet, when indulgent Fancy's dream is o'er,  
 We find that happiness still flies before.  
 Thus April fools begin again the year,  
 And court delusion, though it costs us dear.

---

### S U B J E C T. B E A U T Y.

*Lord Visc. P—M—T—N.*

ENCHANTING nymph ! of heav'nly birth !  
 Celestial Beauty ! sent on earth

To

To sooth our toils, our cares, our strife,  
 And gild the glooms that sadden life :  
 Thine empire countless millions own,  
 And every clime reveres thy throne.  
 Whate'er pursuits mankind engage,  
 From frolic youth to serious age,  
 To thy resistless power they bow,  
 While Nature prompts the artless vow.

Lur'd by the hopes thy smiles can give,  
 For thee the Wretch endures to live :  
 To gain thy praise, his valour's meed,  
 For thee the Hero dares to bleed :  
 Entic'd by thee to happier dreams,  
 Ambition drops his airy schemes :  
 To purchase thee, from caverns deep  
 The Miser brings his treasur'd heap :

The

The Sage, with Reason's boasted arms,  
 A-while may combat Beauty's charms ;  
 But soon a bursting sigh will prove  
 That reason never conquer'd love.

If e'er I bow'd before thy shrine,  
 And hail'd thy power with rites divine,  
 O blest Enchantress ! deign to tell  
 In what consists thy magic spell :—  
 Is it an eye, whose sparkling rays  
 Eclipse the di'mond's fainter blaze ?  
 A cheek, that shames the vernal rose ?  
 A breast, that vies with mountain snows ?  
 A mouth, that smiles with matchless grace,  
 Like pearls within a ruby case ?  
 A form, like that which once was seen  
 On Ida, when the Cyprian Queen

Disclos'd

Disclos'd her charms to mortal eyes,  
 Contending for the golden prize ?—  
 These may our warmest passions fire,  
 And kindle every fierce desire ;  
 But Love, upheld by these alone,  
 Must soon resign his tott'ring throne,  
 And holds a poor precarious sway,  
 The short-liv'd tyrant of a day !

Or e'en to form a nymph complete,  
 If all the various charms could meet  
 That each divided bosom warm,  
 And every throbbing pulse alarm ;  
 When Johnston, Meynell, Pitt, advance,  
 And Wroughton joins the sprightly dance,  
 And lovely Spencer, mild and fair,  
 Comes blushing forth with Hebe's air ;

Yet

Yet these were vain, unless to these  
 Was join'd that secret power—to please !  
 That nameless something—undefin'd—  
 That soft effusion of the mind !  
 Which sweetly smiles in every face,  
 To every motion lends a grace ;  
 And when their Beauty points a dart,  
 Impels, and guides it to the heart.

In vain the stealing hand of Time  
 May pluck the blossoms of their prime :  
 Envy may talk of bloom decay'd,  
 How lilies droop, and roses fade ;  
 But Constancy's unalter'd truth,  
 Regardful of the vows of youth ;  
 Affection, that recalls the past,  
 And bids the pleasing influence last,

Shall still preserve the lover's flame,  
 In every scene of life the same :  
 And still with fond endearment blend  
 The wife, the mistress, and the friend.

---

### Bouts Rimées.

BLEST is the man who sees the coming	Spring,
Its beauties open, and its treasures	bring :
Who views the gladsome bloom on every	tree,
And, like the season, feels his bosom	free ;
To him in choicest guise the sun and	rain
Shed their alternate influence on the	plain ;
And pleas'd he roams the yet uncertain	field,
Who lets his soul to just contentment	yield.

---

S U B J E C T. *The Month of April.**Rev. Mr. JENNER.*

**C**OME, thou harbinger of pleasure,  
 Gentle daughter of the Spring,  
 All thy stores in countless measure,  
 Mingling fragrance, with thee bring.  
  
**T**orpid nature now renewing,  
 Laughing, shews on every tree,  
 How thy breath the clouds pursuing,  
 Broke their bonds, and set her free.  
  
**W**aft thy gifts in southern showers,  
 Sunshine now, and genial rain;  
 At thy call unnumber'd flowers  
 Starting forth, shall strew the plain.  
  
 Thus

Thus led on, in smiles contending,

Summer sees each striving field ;

(Joy to swains, and vigour lending)

An exuberant harvest yield.

*To Mrs. MILLER.*

TO the gay lawn, or softly-murmuring spring,  
Why should the muse her votive tribute bring ?  
The humble shrub, the loftier tow'ring tree,  
Her verse shall scorn, in native dalliance free,  
And sing Thee mistress of that vocal plain,  
Where wit descends, like mild refreshing rain ;  
In Thee we find for praise the amplest field,  
To Thee the laurel and the bays we yield.

*Lord Vis<sup>r</sup>. P—M—T—N, upon Batbeaston Villa.*

HERE, the fair season of returning Spring  
 The earliest tribute of the year shall bring;  
 With the first honours clothe each spreading tree,  
 And the pent flowers from earth's cold prison free.  
 Here then, my Muse, if e'er Elysian plain  
 Can wake thy voice, and prompt th' harmonious strain,  
 With rival bards advent'rous take the field,  
 Nor the bright palm without a contest yield.




---

*Hon. Master FIELDING, second Son to the Earl of DENBIGH, eleven Years old.*

HAIL, blooming Goddess! welcome, genial Spring!  
 Accept the flow'ry chaplet that I bring!  
 Now rural swains recline beneath the tree,  
 From care malignant, and ambition, free.

Now

Now lively green adorns the neighb'ring plain,  
Moisten'd by showers of descending rain ;  
The gay parterre, the garden, and the field,  
Sweet fruit, sweet herbs, and sweeter flowers yield.

---

*Lord Vis*c*. P—M—T—N. To the Spring.*

**T**O hail thy wish'd return, delightful Spring !  
Behold how fair a train their chaplets bring !  
Blythe as the feather'd songsters, warbling free,  
Who own thy genial power on every tree ;  
Soft as thy zephyr's wings, when balmy rains  
Have scatter'd fragrance o'er the smiling plains ;  
Oh ! ne'er while these adorn the grove and field,  
Shall fair BATHEASTON to Arcadia yield.

---

## Bouts Rimées.

*The Lover's Invitation on MAY-DAY.**By the same.*

**W**HILE Nature's warblers fill the trees,  
 And zephyr wakes his gentlest breeze,  
 Come forth, my Fair, to hail the day,  
 That ushers in the sprightly May:  
 Let's twine a wreath with vi'lets blue,  
 Sweet emblem of affection true!  
 Come forth, my Fair, nor thus employ,  
 In fruitless dreams, the hour of joy.

---

*By the same.*

**C**OME, vernal zephyrs, and with gentle breeze,  
 Tempt my fair Delia to yon shady grove,

Where

Where birds in rival notes salute the trees,  
And chaunt the blessings of contented love.

Let me, my Delia, through life's busy May,  
When youth with beauty's aid can sweetly charm,  
With love adorn the summer's live-long day,  
For wint'ry cold must ev'ry pow'r disarm.

Now heav'n, propitious, smiles serenely blue,  
Haste thee, fair Delia, to my longing sight ;  
And when thy shepherd ceases to be true,  
Oh ! wrap my falsehood in eternal night.

Increasing bliss shall every hour employ ;  
Of Delia's charms the echoing vale shall ring :  
The neighb'ring swains, tho' envious of my joy,  
With ceaseless note our mutual loves shall sing.

---

## S U B J E C T. B E A U T Y.

**W**HILST Maro in lofty heroics delights,  
 To sing the great deeds which ambition excites,  
 A theme more exalted inspires my lay,  
 For Beauty invites, and with joy I obey.  
 Instructed by Cupid, though humble my song,  
 Undaunted I join the poetical throng ;  
 And, pleas'd with the subject, attempt to rehearse  
 The charms of my Chloe, in plain artless verse.

Milder than the summer's	breeze,
Tender as the budding	trees,
Blooming as the flow'ry	May,
Cheerful as the brightest	day,
Sweeter than the vi'let	blue,
As the turtle fond and	true;

Be

Be thy beauty ever verdant,  
 And my passion ever ardent.

But ah ! my dear Chloe, how feeble, how faint,  
 Is language, thy various beauties to paint !  
 In vain do I strive thus, by words, to impart  
 The pleasing ideas impress'd on my heart ;  
 For know, lovely nymph, the soft pains that I feel,  
 A flame sympathetic alone can reveal ;  
 And still may that passion, which can't be express'd,  
 For ever remain unimpair'd in thy breast.

---

### Double Bouts Rimées.

**I**N silken garments, flutt'ring at the breeze,  
 The sprightly Laura beckons to yon trees ;  
 Calls me with her to grace the festal day,  
 And join in honours to the coming May ;  
 To

To deck her altar with a ribbon blue,  
 The sacred token of a passion true;

With her a-while the happy hour employ,  
 And raise a trophy to the Queen of Joy.

But I no longer feel the genial breeze,

Fall'n are my roses, wither'd are my trees;

I know no hope from the returning May,

Nor beats my bosom for the festal day:

No garland decks my head with ribbons blue,

Or anxious damsel doubts my passion true;

Yet, to the last, I will my verse employ,

And praise the beauty that once gave me joy.

J. M—LL—R, Esq.

MY Laura's fair amongst the fair,

Her breath is sweet as southern breeze,  
 Wasted

Wafted from Arabia's trees,

And graceful is her air.

The artless nymph each heart beguiles,

When playful as the jocund

May,

**She blushes like the infant**

day,

Just soft'ning into smiles.

Of heaven's kind gifts she's sure the choice,

Her speaking eye is azure

**blue :**

**She's fair, she's innocent, she's**

true,

And music's in her voice.

Wouldst thou but kind, my Laura, prove,

**With thee I'd every hour**

### **employ**

## In some new bliss, or some new

joy,

## Thou endless source of love !

WHAT

**W**HAT is Beauty?—'tis a flower,  
 Blown and wither'd in an hour;  
 'Tis a transient sunshine gleam  
 Playing on the wanton stream;  
 'Tis a gift that heav'n bestows,  
 Fatal oft to man's repose!  
 'Tis a charm, in various kind,  
 Binding fast the willing mind:  
 Sparkles bright in MEYNELL's eyes,  
 Source of vows and tender sighs;  
 Gives to ASGYLL power to move  
 Each obdurate heart to love;  
 Sheds on SPENCER brightest day;  
 Gives to JOHNSTONE boundless sway:  
 'Tis a power that all subdues;  
 'Tis the idol of the muse!

When

When to sense and virtue join'd,  
 'Tis the boast of woman-kind ;  
 'Tis, without them, but a name,  
 'Tis a bauble, 'tis a dream,  
 'Tis the source of woe and shame.

}

---

*To Mrs. MILLER.*

DEAR Madam ! befriend  
 These verses I send,  
 From you a protection they pray ;  
 My ambition is checkt,  
 Should they meet with neglect,  
 Or should you prove unkind to my lay.

The clarion of fame  
 Aloud doth proclaim  
 The inhabitant fair of BATHEASTON ;

**And the Goddesses Nine**  
**Bow down to your shrine,**  
**And joyous your goodness oft feast on.**

**From Ierne's fam'd shore**  
**I am just wafted o'er,**  
**Old Lud's town demands my attention ;**  
**Or bold I'd aspire**  
**To strike Clio's lyre,**  
**And for you rack my thoughts and invention.**

**I'd try to excel**  
**Each beau and each belle,**  
**The fam'd SPRIG from your hand to obtain ;**  
**No honour so bright**  
**E'er adorn'd a bold Knight,**  
**Or Crœsus' wealth equall'd the gain.**

In Beauty's sweet praise  
 I'd attune my fond lays,—  
 No subject so pleasing, and fine ;  
 Each female possessing  
 This wonderful blessing,  
 From mortal is rais'd to divine.

---

## S U B J E C T. B E A U T Y.

\*\*\*\* K—N—N, *Efq.*

COME all ye fair females, of every station,  
 Who a proverb of fame have bestow'd on the nation,  
 Attend to my ditty, to Beauty design'd,  
 For Beauty to age nor degree is confin'd.

*Derry down.*

But chief to the praise I aspire in my song,  
 Of the Beauties old Avon's green meadows among,

That

**That circle so favour'd, who, pleasure to seek,  
Assemble round Miller's fam'd vase once a week.**

*Derry down,*

**From Beauty our richest enjoyments all spring,—  
The cobler has felt it, and so has the king :  
Its effects are the same, whether real 'tis found,  
Or only existing on ideal ground.**

*Derry down,*

**The sportsman who eagerly drives o'er the plain,  
The hounds all his music, and labour his gain,  
Would find his rough joys want their crown of delight,  
If Beauty came not with a welcome at night.**

*Derry down,*

**The soldier, his sword when for honour he draws,  
His heart beating high in his country's dear cause,**

*Feels*

Feels pleasure extatic ; though wounded, he blestis,  
If Beauty should hear, and approve of his deeds.

*Derry down.*

And when to his home he returns from the war,  
All cover'd with laurels, and many a scar,  
The prize he most values on earth, is the smile  
Of Beauty, which far overpays all his toil.

*Derry down.*

The hard-hearted Miser, whose life is his wealth,  
Neglectful alike of fame, quiet, and health,  
Tho' his hand from distres can a farthing withhold,  
Yet Beauty shall tip all his fingers with gold.

*Derry down.*

Thus Beauty is found o'er the world to preside,  
The great spring of actions, of councils the guide ;

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The

The madness of youth, and the warmth of old age,  
Gives wit to a fool, and makes fools of the sage.

*Derry down.*

This blessing, my fair ones, if well understood,  
To make you all charming, must make you all good:  
That maid we'll distinguish, as first of her kind,  
Whose beauty is less in her face than her mind.

*Derry down.*

### SUBJECT, *The Pleasures of the Chase.*

AURORA spread her graces o'er the lawn,  
And modest Twilight shun'd th' approaching dawn.  
When, light as air, Diana left her bed,  
A silver crescent's beams adorn'd her head ;  
Her golden locks in waving ringlets hung,  
A well-stor'd quiver o'er her back was slung ;

With nicest touch her fingers press the bow ;

In graceful folds her azure vestments flow.

Array'd, in chearful haste she call'd around,

Her Nymphs, as quick as thought, obey the sound ;

With courteous speech each Nymph she then address'd,

Her eyes betoken'd what her tongue express'd :

Then, smiling round,—“ This day pursue the chace,

“ And Clar'ton's Down shall be th' appointed place.”

Each Nymph obedient to her office fled—

Her train, with graceful steps, the Goddess led.

Alarm'd, up flew in haste the spotted deer,

And, trembling, saw his death approaching near ;

Then pours his airy soul in winged speed,

And bounds exulting o'er the turf'y mead.

Some aim the winged dart with skilful hand,

While some let loose the greyhound from his band ;

Then full and bold the jocund horns resound ;  
The hills, rejoicing, echo back the sound :  
Now down direct the sun had shot his ray,  
When conquests crown'd the labours of the day.

The chace thus o'er, each beauteous Nymph reclin'd  
Around the Goddess, who, with accent mild,  
“ Let us, says she, refresh our wearied powers,  
“ Not far from hence are many friendly bowers ;  
“ Of one I know—Apollo often talks,  
“ 'Tis that he visits in his morning walks :”  
She spoke—up rose, attentive all her train,  
The Zephyrs fann'd them as they trod the plain.

Now, full in view, a graceful Villa rose,  
Its polish'd sides the neighb'ring oaks enclose ;  
Below, in circles falls a rough cascade ;  
A dusty mill adorns the willows' shade.

To This, at length, the blooming Goddess came,  
Invited by its hospitable name,  
When, strange to tell; within she met her BROTHER;—  
Astonish'd both, they gaz'd upon each other:  
When thus Apollo :—“ Joyfully I greet  
“ Your first arrival at my fav'rite seat;  
“ For you, as well as I, have here a place,  
“ My wit best prospers in your modest grace.  
“ Not e'en at Ephesus your silver Shrine  
“ Receiv'd more honours, nor at Delphos mine.”  
The Goddess smiling, granted his request,—  
BATHEASTON VILLA doubly thus was bless'd,  
By Beauty grac'd, by attic Wit caress'd.

## BEAUTY, and the PLEASURES of the CHACE.

OH, ye Nimrods in green,  
 Who delight in the scene  
 Of fox-hounds and harriers,  
 And curs, you call tarriers,  
 Who o'er stiles, gates, and ditches,  
 In your tight doe-skin breeches,  
 Endanger your necks for a name :  
 Though a hunter, like you,  
 Finer sport I pursue ;  
 Hark away, to my hollow,  
 To BATHEASTON all follow,  
 Beauty there with her Graces,  
 The high prize of the Chace is,  
 And HARRIOT \*, dear HARRIOT, 's my game.

\* Miss M—N—LL.

*The POWERS of IMAGINATION.*

LINES upon seeing a very fine PICTURE,  
representing a TEMPEST.

J. M—LL—R, Esq.

THE storm is up, the driving rain  
Sweeps along th' affrighted plain ;  
Deep thunders roll, the lightnings play,  
And darkness veils the face of day ;  
The clouds dissolv'd, come pouring down,  
And all the peasants' labours drown ;  
The hapless peasants speed their flight  
Through unknown paths, involv'd in night,  
Nor shelter find ;—their friendless flocks  
Dash wildly o'er the hanging rocks,  
Now scramble up the tott'ring steep,  
Now down the headlong vallies sweep.

Through lab'ring clouds, a shooting ray  
 Reveals the terrors of the day ;  
 The warring wind's resistless stroke  
 Beats to the ground the stubborn oak ;  
 The tower, the castle, form'd for strength,  
 To their wild fury yield at length :  
 Prostrate the aged ruins lie,  
 Aloft in air the fragments fly ;  
 Dangers abroad, and rage, and sound,  
 And stench, and horrors, all around.

Am I deceiv'd, or do I dream ?  
 Things are not what to me they seem ;  
 For Phœbus now, with brightest ray,  
 Adds splendor to the soft'ning day :  
 'Tis brilliant all, and scarce a breeze  
 Is heard to whisper through the trees ;

Some

Some wayward power with magic wiles,  
 Or Merlin, sure, my sense beguiles :  
 Can Art fair Nature thus deform ?  
 Yes,—BAMPFYLDE's pencil gave the Storm \*.

\* C. W. BAMPFYLDE, Esq.

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No. XI.

### E N I G M A.

I LIVE in the breeze,  
 I sleep in the trees,  
 In blossoms of May  
 I gambol all day ;  
 O'er red, green, and blue,  
 I wander, 'tis true ;  
 Yet sweet's my employ  
 To give you all joy.

S U B J E C T.

## S U B J E C T. D A N C I N G.

*Mrs. M—LL—R.*

THE Muses are Ladies so bashful and shy,  
 When I ask'd their assistance, they all cry'd—O fie !  
 Though Helicon rings with our music and prattle,  
 To a ball we prefer the din of a battle ;  
 So making my curt'sey, I soon took my leave  
 From a circle so prudish—you all may believe.  
 Thus left in the lurch, I implore *your* compassion,  
 If I fail in relating the different fashion,  
 The rise and the progress of Jigging, and Prancing,  
 From times most remote, to French Opera Dancing.

From Castor and Pollux, those twins of renown,  
 Arose the great dance taught at Lacedæmon ;

Then

Then a son of Achilles, with a barbarous name \*,  
 Taught his soldiers to dance—those Cretans of fame.  
 Wife Philosopher Socrates also would know,  
 From Aspasia the Fair, how to well point a toe.  
 Pompous nuptials and feasts—e'en the grave Funeral  
 Was danc'd at by princes, priests, people, and all.  
 In these later days, an old king of France †,  
 To augment the Carousal, caus'd horses to dance ;  
 What bounding, curveting, what neighing, and kicking !  
 Sure this fight far surpass'd a Newmarket meeting.  
 At this horse-ball don't wonder—for, without any trope,  
 Grave Pliny says, elephants danc'd on a rope ‡.

\* Neoptolemus.

† Louis the XIIIth of France caused a dance of horses to be exhibited at a Grand Carousal.

‡ Pliny asserts this, book the 8th, chap. the 2d.—Also Suetonius and Seneca.

But

But 'twould take too much time was I to rehearse  
 The dances of brutes and of trees in my verse \* :  
 And I'm sure I should tire you if I was to tell  
 Of *Francis*, of *Harry*, up to *Philip the Bel* †,  
 What great monarchs have strove in the dance to excel.  
 Now suffice it to all, that one *Thoinot Arbeau*,  
 To the great joy of France a system did shew,  
 Where all movements and steps for the dance are wrote  
 down,  
 'Tis not many years since, as the *Opera* will own,—  
 That *Opera*, whose grandeur exceeds all compare!  
 There Olympus descends with the *Pleasures* in rear ‡.

\* The author refers to the fable of Orpheus.

† Kings of France, all famous for dancing.

‡ In the Opera of *Castor and Pollux* (as represented on the Theatre in the Palais Royale at Paris) the whole Court of Olympus descends with the *Pleasures*, (represented by beautiful young girls,) who form a *ballette*.—Mademoiselle Guimard is famous in a *ballette*, called *Armida*; as is Mademoiselle Allard in another, called *Athletic Sports*.—The two dancers, called *Gardel* and *Vefris*, are the most esteemed in Europe, and are rivals in the art.

See what heroes and heroines in triumph advance,  
 Nodding plumes, brilliant diadems, join in the dance;  
 See the arts of *Armida*, combin'd in *Guimard*,  
 In the *Athletic games* behold vig'rous *Allard* ;  
 For *Gardel* and *Vestris* whole armies divide,  
 But I can't on *their merits* pretend to decide.  
 So adieu, my dear friends, for I've led you a dance—  
 If you want to know more, I shall wish you in France.

---

No. XII.

### Enigma, and Bouts Rimes.

E——D D—x, *Eſq.*

THOUGH dull as a post, I frequently      shine,  
 For the wittiest things that are wrote now, are      mine ;  
 Though older than Paul's, still pleasure I      give,  
 And shall be admir'd as long as I      live ;

**F**rom my musty old corpse, fair offsprings still rise,  
**A**nd I now teem with one that will bear off the prize.

---

**A** RICHER jewel than the gems that shine,  
**I**n the rich bosom of Potosi's mine,  
**T**his VASE contains : Its magic pow'r shall give,  
**T**he works of Genius through an age to live ;  
**B**id them to Envy's blast superior rise,  
**A**nd earn from MILLER's hand the laurel'd prize.

---

R. S—M—G, *Efq.*

**Y**E bards again with wonted lustre shine,  
**T**he Muse once more, the fav'rite Muse, is mine ;  
**T**his day return'd, must pleasing transport give ;  
**S**o MILLER speaks, and all the Muses live.  
**A**t emulation's call new bards shall rise,  
**A**nd they who best deserve, receive the prize.  
 FAIR

**F**AIR MILLER's splendid talents

Like brilliant gems from Indian

mine,

Mines of gems I'd freely

mine ;

With her to converse while I

give

Phœbus each morn would envious

live ;

To see me blest with such a

rise,

prize.

**G—E OGLE, Esq.**

**R**ICH must each gem in native lustre

shine,

That ripens in the Muse's sacred

mine ;

To each bright drop the beams of Phœbus

give

Creative warmth, and bid the diamond

live :

Thus from the holy vase shall genius

rise ;

Thus MILLER's smiles confirm, and dignify the prize.

Y<sub>E</sub>t tuneful Nine ! forsake the Aonian grove,  
 And, by Apollo's order, hither move ;  
 Let the three Graces aid the tuneful Nine,  
 To twine a garland round fair MILLER's shrine.  
 VENUS, with silken reins, shall guide her doves  
 To MILLER's seat attended by the Loves.  
 TULLY himself shall plead each fair-one's case,  
 And, as a pledge, has hither sent this Vase.

---

☩ A particular Wreath was given to THIS ;—it being  
 the Production of

*Miss \*\*\*\* BURGESS, at ten Years old.*

DIRECT me, Phœbus, how to shine,  
 And let the Poet's prize be mine.  
 So shall I grateful offerings give ;  
 So shall my name for ever live.  
 To

To thee shall clouds of incense rise,  
 If I can gain bright MILLER'S prize.

---

LET loud ambition in the Senate shine,  
 Love, and the rural Muse, in peace, be mine !  
*Here*, where congenial souls united live,  
 'Midst all that Taste and Elegance can give !  
 To Phœbus *here* such incense shall arise,  
 That e'en Castalia's \* springs must yield the prize.

\* The Muses used to frequent the waters of Castalia, as our British Ladies do those of Bath : They were singular inspiratives of Wit and Festivity.

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SUBJECT, *The second Time of opening of the Tuscum Vase, at Batbeaston Villa.*

\*\*\*\* B—R—ss, Esq.

HENCE, each frown, and wrinkled care,  
 To your dark abode repair !

VOL. I.

G

No<sup>r</sup>

Nor trespass on the sacred rites  
 To which fair MILLER's voice invites.  
 But come each gay, each winning Smile,  
 And Jest, which labour can beguile ;  
 Complacency, and pleasing Joy,  
 With Mirth that knows not of alloy.  
 Hither haste each gentle swain,  
 Seek BATHEASTON's shades again ;  
 Each with his Fair-one in his hand,  
 Whose eyes no mortal hearts withstand :  
 'Tis MILLER bids, the call obey,  
 To pleasure dedicate the day.

Approach with a respectful eye,  
 And view the sacred vase on high :  
 Ah ! far beyond all vases blest,  
 The first of all antiques confess !

Happy,

Happy, thrice happy, was its doom,  
 When, in the envied days of Rome,  
 At *Tusculum* it grac'd the board,  
 And boasted *TULLY* for its Lord.  
 What mirth convivial then it saw !  
 When those who gave to worlds the law,  
 Who honours shar'd, almost divine,  
 Together quaff'd the gen'rous wine.  
 But honours greater still await,  
 Provided by auspicious fate ;  
 See, now on *MILLER*'s board it stands,  
 And courts a treat from Beauty's hands.  
 With emulation fir'd, the Fair  
 The choicest, purest gifts prepare ;  
 Around it croud the great, the gay,  
 The tribute of a verse to pay :

While smiling belles, and happy beaux,  
 The variegated prospect close.

Quick the happy minute seize ;  
 Write with transport and with ease ;  
 Careless let your verses roll ;  
 Breathe th' effusions of the soul.  
 We want no borrowed aid of art  
 Whenever HARDINGE warms the heart ;  
 Love alone the bard inspires,  
 When his breast fair DUTTON fires.  
 PITT and DIGBYS', lovely pair !  
 Claim the poet's choicest care ;  
 And others, whom surrounding sighs  
 Upbraid with wounds of murd'rous eyes.

But, alas ! my aching sight  
 Bears no more th' assemblage bright :

Ye belles ! my feeble lines forgive,  
 Ah ! sweetly smile, and let them live.  
 But hold—fond hopes invade my mind,  
 Blest immortality to find !  
 Verse shuns the fate of mortal things,  
 While it Worth and Beauty sings ;  
 Ne'er can die the happy lines  
 Where fair PRATT unrival'd shines ;  
 This preserves the poet's name,  
 This insures an endless fame.

---

*On the same. Mrs. M—LL—R.*

ASSIST me, Muse, to hail this sacred morn,  
 So may the verdant wreath my brows adorn.

And O ! thou hallow'd shade\*, be ever near,  
 Protect thy urn, and hear a votary's pray'r :

\* The shade of CICERO.

Inspire these rival bards with powers to shine  
 Sublime in thought, to elevate each line :  
 Or teach with eloquence, like thine, to move  
 Th' obdurate breast, and soften into love.  
 And though they strive each other to excel,  
 May never rancour in their bosoms dwell.  
 The scowling eye, the smother'd laugh, portend  
 That satire lurks beneath the vale of friend :  
 Nor let pale Envy ever enter here,  
 That foe to beauty, source of endless care.

Affist me, Muse, to hail this sacred morn,  
 So may the verdant wreath my brows adorn.

Ye Nymphs, who kindly leave Bath's giddy round,  
 And seek these shades, to tread poetic ground,  
 Whilst virtue, modesty, discretion, join,  
 And candour from your eyes shed rays benign,

The Graces always near you shall appear,  
 O'er your soft cheeks the rose shall bloom each year ;  
 Immortal verse shall lend her heav'nly aid,  
 Nor time, nor wint'ry blasts, those charms shall fade.

May each revolving sun, that gilds the skies,  
 Still see the attic fire of TULLY rise :  
 As the bright Phœnix, springing from the flame  
 Of her enliven'd ashes, mounts to fame.

---

\*\*\*\* H—P—T—N, Esq. *On the same.*

SEE, MILLER, on man's various breast  
 What different nature is imprest !  
 How distant the eccentric flight  
 Of madd'ning fancy's tow'ring height,  
 Which oft perverts by mere excess  
 To evil, what was meant to bless.

From those dull elves, who, though they live,  
 Scarce their existence can perceive ;  
 But, stupid as the earth they plough,  
 Still thoughtless whistle as they go.  
 Say, therefore, which should be preferr'd ?  
 Reason (if Reason's voice be heard)  
 Will tell us, neither is the state  
 Mark'd out for happiness by fate :  
 That, though all bliss, as well as woe,  
 Imagination can bestow,  
 Too much or little will destroy,  
 Or deaden every seed of joy.  
 Then, of this dangerous gift, good heaven !  
 To me be such a portion given,  
 As may suffice for mis'ry near,  
 To raise the sympathetic tear ;  
 Or,

Or, at a friend's sad tale of woe,  
 To teach compassion's flame to glow ;  
 To paint more bright a summer's sky,  
 And gild the moments as they fly :  
 Grant me but this, ye powers divine !  
 And peace and happiness are mine.

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*On omitting the ASSEMBLY at BATHEASTON  
 VILLA on GOOD-FRIDAY.*

*Rev. Mr. G—VES.*

[In Answer to an Epigram in the Bath Chronicle, and some  
 Acrostics in the same Style.]

IF “want of decency (as Pope  
 Once taught) is want of sense,”  
 Regard to decency, I’d hope,  
 Gives none but fools offence :

**Whole**

Whose spleen polite assemblies move ;  
 For which their ill-bred wit,  
 Their flimsy, dull acrostics prove  
 Themselves not quite so fit.

Though bent in Nature's spight, to shine,  
 Their envious rhymes obtruded  
 But prove that they at joys repine,  
 From which they are excluded.

Let such, retir'd with birds of night,  
 Their gloomy fancies feast on,  
 Nor persevere to vent their spight  
 On innocent BATHEASTON.

Their company will ne'er be miss'd,  
 Unless a place to fill  
 With Invalids at drowsy Whist  
 Or Three-penny Quadrille.

S U B J E C T,

SUBJECT, *The Month of MAY.*

**DRYDEN, Milton, Pope, and Gay,**

All have cull'd the sweets of May ;

Teach me, Clio, then to say

Something that is new on May :

Phœbus shoot your mildest ray

To bring forth the flowers of May ;

Philomela, from the spray,

Chaunt the pleasures of the May ;

GOCHE's thousand charms survey,

She's in life's delightful May.

Why is Lady Crow-foot grey ?

She has past her Month of May.

**MEYNELL can her hundreds slay,**

Breathing forth the sweets of May ;

—she sang that spightful lay,  
When she miss'd her jocund May :  
Zephyrs, blow that wasp away  
From the guileless breast of May.  
Blooming HEBE, tell me, pray,  
Is not That the Queen of May ?  
Fragrant as the new-mown hay,  
Call her Goddess of the May ;  
With conscious worth she'll bound away,  
Sweeter and lovelier than May.  
Ye Fair-ones then no longer stay,  
Come the blythe, the young, the gay ;  
White-rob'd virgins haste away ;  
Come, ye sportive lambs, and play ;  
Let each fairy, and each fay,  
Sing a blithsome roundelay :

Pluck



Pluck the rose, without delay,  
 Pluck the myrtle, and the bay,  
 Weave a flow'ry wreath this day,  
 To welcome in this Queen of May.

---



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## S A M E   S U B J E C T.

HAPPY Month ! to whom belong  
 Chearful dance, and sportive song ;  
 Deck'd in gaudy colours gay,  
 Hither come, delightful May !  
 Hither come, and with thee bring  
 Every flower that loves the Spring ;  
 Whether in fantastic vest  
 Thou delight'st to grace our feast,  
 With mutter'd pray'rs, and tinkling sound,  
 Haunting the city's busy round ;

Or teplete with every charm,  
 Every Grace, our hearts to warm ;  
 Of all loveliness possest,  
 In SPENCER's \* form thou stand'st confess,  
 Adding brightness to the day,  
 Hither come, delightful May !  
 And far behind thee bid retire  
 The sullen Winter's gloomy fire,  
 The piercing wind, and rattling hail,  
 And snows that drive before the gale.  
 What, though the midnight masquerade  
 At thy approach begins to fade :  
 Though luxury, with envious eye,  
 Beholds the pleasing triumphs nigh,  
 And revels wild that shun the day,  
 When thou appearest, die away.

\* Now Duchess of Devonshire.

For

For ever be their mem'ry lost !  
 Far greater pleasures thou canst boast :  
 Their tasteless joys I glad resign,  
 For true delight alone is thine.

---

SUBJECT, *On SOCIETY.*

WERE my days again to pass,  
 Trickling through the sandy glass ;  
 And again to undergo  
 Varied scenes of joy and woe ;  
 Happy now in prosp'rous love,  
 Now by scorn to madness drove ;  
 With ambition now along  
 Riding through the servile throng ;  
 Now with kings in splendor seated,  
 Now disgrac'd, undone, and cheated ;

Transient

**Transient rays of vision vain ;  
Who for these would live again ?**

**Yet of folly's train bereft,  
Social life has pleasures left ;  
In mild Virtue's soft discourse,  
And in manly Wisdom's force ;  
In the Wife we love and trust,  
In the Friend that's true and just ;  
In the Son's achievement keen,  
In the Daughter's modest mien ;  
Such GEORGINA \* as we see,  
Unaffected shines in thee ;  
These to social life remain,  
And for these I'd live again.**

\* Lady Georgina Spencer, now Duchess of Devonshire.

SUBJECT,

## SUBJECT, FIRST of MAY.

*Mrs. G—v—L.*

P  
ALE April, with her childish eye,  
Alike prepar'd to laugh or cry,  
All unlamented hies away,  
And leaves the world to Love and May.

MAIA comes ! fair Queen of Blooms,  
Scattering round her choice perfumes :  
Lo, she comes ! and leads her train  
With songs and dances o'er the plain.

Cupid there, the wanton boy !  
With every Grace, and every Joy ;  
And rosy Youth, and gay Desire,  
And Zephyrs, breathing amorous fire ;

See, they frolic,—hark ! they say,  
 “ Mortals, mortals, hail the May !”

Time and pleasures fly too fast,  
 Catch the blessings whilst they last ;  
 MAIA soon shall quit the plain,  
 Winter soon resume his reign.  
 Alas ! when once you leave the May,  
 All the sweets of life decay.

But see ! no more, no more complain,  
 HYMEN comes to join our train ;  
 The God descends,—sweet sounds declare  
 The God of heart-felt bliss is there.

HYMEN hail ! celestial boy !  
 Source of every virtuous joy ;  
 Life and Love, by heaven’s decree,  
 Owe their choicest charms to thee.

Thou,

Thou, for such thy pow'r divine !  
 Can't every earthly bliss refine ;  
 Improve the pleasures that are past,  
 And, by reflection, make them last.

SPENCER, DEVON, join the song,  
 To you these rapturous truths belong ;  
 Your hearts shall feel, your tongues shall say,  
 That henceforth every month is May.

---

*Address'd to the Right Hon. Lady Georgina Spencer.*

J. M—LL—R, Esq.

WELCOME, SPENCER, lovely maid !  
 Welcome to this happy shade ;  
 For happy shade it sure must be,  
 When bless'd with Beauty, blest with Thee.

Could I, like TEMPLE \*, tune my voice,  
 (TEMPLE, the Muses' fav'rite choice !)  
 With notes as sweet, thy charms I'd raise,  
 And fill the world with SPENCER's praise.

SPENCER, no less the poet's theme  
 Than the fond painter's road to fame :  
 Whatever RAPHAEL has express'd,  
 Improv'd—thou stamp'd on every breast.  
 Thou'st stole from GUIDO each soft grace,  
 All that divinity of face  
 Which CARLO gave, does in thee *shine*,  
 And TITIAN's glow is *cold* to thine.

Oh ! blest beyond compare, is He,  
 The Youth whom Fortune marks for Thee !  
 That Youth †, whose merit we confess  
 Just title to all happiness ;

\* Lord Viscount PALMERSTON.

† His Grace the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE.

Which kindly Fate ordains to prove  
 In SPENCER's charms, in SPENCER's love.

---

### SUBJECT, PAINTING. A DREAM.

*Mrs. M—LL—R.*

REFULGENT, thro' the shades of night,  
 Bright Cynthia rose, and shed her silver light  
 Thro' parting clouds, which o'er the dusky glade  
 Guided my steps to seek the peaceful shade,  
 Where Philomela, on the flowery thorn,  
 Prolongs her plaintive song 'till rising morn !  
 But ere her love-lorn tale she could disclose,  
 Sleep o'er my listless limbs her poppies throws :—  
 Bright to my fancy rose the ELYSIAN plains,  
 Where faithful shades, with amaranthine chains,

Bind their chaste loves—who never more feel care,  
 (Eternal pleasures wait the constant Fair.)  
 There, Poets gain the never-fading wreaths ;  
 There, Heroes from the toils of war find ease ;  
 And there, the Sons of Science joy to find  
 Their due reward — of knowledge unconfin'd.

Methought I wander'd thro' these sacred groves,  
 When sudden to my view a temple rose,  
 Majestic columns (in fair order plac'd)  
 Sustain'd the dome, with verdant chaplets grac'd;  
 Within the walls, I found my ravish'd sight  
 Surrounded with the works of each fam'd wight ;  
 From him who costly Egypt once adorn'd,  
 And Isis and Osiris rudely form'd,  
 Down to those later times, when Europe caught  
 The mimic art, and to perfection brought.

There, fam'd *Apelles* shew'd to wond'ring Greece  
 All beauty's charms collected in one piece.  
 In after ages, *Michael*\* form'd that school  
 Which Florence boasts, for just design the rule :  
 At Rome great *Raphael* toil'd—in him we see  
 Elegant forms, noble simplicity !  
 Then Milan own'd a *Leonardo*'s + fame—  
 Fair sculpture, music, painting, grac'd his name.  
 The glow of nature *Titian*'s nymphs confess,  
 Aurora's charms their golden locks express.  
 For grace and ease, *Guido* with all may vie,—  
 Correct his groupes, and cloath'd with dignity.  
 On *Carrach*, *Guercin*, and *Correggio* great,  
 Were fix'd my gazing eyes :—when, wond'rous to relate,  
 A heav'nly form, array'd in azure bright,—  
 Radiant *Britannia* ! stood before my sight :

\* MICHAEL ANGELO.

† LEONARDO DA VINCI.

“ Hasten, she cry’d, and seek my happy isles,  
 “ Where *Royal Bounty*\* on fair Genius smiles :  
 “ There *Nature* on the canvas starts to view,  
 “ With each revolving year their labours they renew :  
 “ Thus emulous to rival Greece, and Rome,  
 “ In a long line of artists yet to come.”—  
 Sudden I wak’d—a ray of Phœbus’ light  
 Shot thro’ the grove—Elysium fled my sight.

\* The Author refers to the Royal Academy instituted for the encouragement of Painting.

---

### Bouts Rimées.

<b>MILLER,</b> thy attic scenes	prolong,
The Sons of Harmony	among;
Where candour, elegance, and	truth,
Charm serious age, and sprightly	youth.
	Far,

Far, far from Flatt'ry's arts	remote,
To thee my strains I here	devote;
Those whom the myrtle wreath	surround,
Are, more than laureat bards,	renown'd.

*On the closing of the VASE for this Season.*

THE glory of this VASE may time prolong,  
Of Greece and Rome the classic names among ;  
No panegyric here can reach the truth,  
Where wit and beauty charm th' enamour'd youth.  
Ye Muses, soon from MILLER's groves remote,  
To plaintive elegy your strains devote :  
Ye dying Swans, the closing VASE surround,  
And sweetly sing its life, and death renown'd.

T.

*Mrs. MILLER. By the Hon. Mrs. G—v—L.*

LED by a Sister of the tuneful Nine,  
 To pay devotion at Apollo's shrine,  
 Like Gallus, wandering to the gate, I come,  
 And supplicate to view the Muses' dome ;  
 Fearful, like him, ascend Parnassus' steep,  
 Nor dare approach, unask'd, the sacred keep,  
 Till You, who nearest to the God preside,  
 Who rule his councils, and his favours guide,  
 Vouchsafe to smile, and call me to his side.

---

*On the Pleasures of Society at Batbecston Villa.*

*Mrs. M—LL—R.*

ON the fair summit of a verdant lawn,  
 Which Phœbus silvers with his earliest dawn,

There

There stands a Bower, inclos'd in lofty shade,  
 Save where it overlooks the fertile glade :—  
 What, though the front no stately columns boast,  
 Of costly marble, brought from Afric's coast ;  
 Nor swelling portico, with Grecian pride,  
 And sculptur'd pomp, advance its polish'd side ;  
 Yet blushing roses, wove with eglantine,  
 In sportive garlands round the portal twine :  
 There, sacred laurels spread their branches round,  
 There, aged rocks with hoary moss are crown'd ;  
 There the clear fountains in the sun-beams play,  
 Invite repose, and mitigate the day :  
 There, Flora paints the ground with fragrant flowers,  
 And the kind Spring bestows refreshing showers,  
 Teaching luxuriant branches how to shoot,  
 Their produce vying with th' Hesperian fruit :

There,

There, fertile fields the wealthy loads sustain,  
**CERES'** rich blessings rip'ning o'er the plain :—  
Oft to these shades a sprightly train repair,  
With song and dance the festive hours to wear ;  
And oft, resigning such tumultuous joys,  
Poetic themes the fleeting morn employs.  
**THALIA**, invok'd, shall hear the Poet's pray'r,  
And modest merit from oblivion spare.  
When *Taste* and *Wit* compose the polish'd line,  
And Fancy's flights within just bounds confine,  
With attic *elegance*, and *native ease*,  
The flowing verse can never fail to please.

Rivals in verse, and emulous for fame,  
With candour judge——be cautious how you blame.  
The liberal heart ne'er seeks to criticise,  
But joys to see the sparks of genius rise ;

The

The warm effusions of a generous breast :

(Such fire celestial ne'er should be supprest !)

From various genius, various numbers flow,

When social mirth in all their bosoms glow ;

For them the Muse shall strip th' Idalian groves

Of myrtle wreaths, to grace the Bard she loves.

Like a May morn, unclouded, and serene,

In whose mild beams the promis'd day is seen,

This fair Assembly shall more bright appear,

Their wit more brilliant with the growing year :

In Friendship's sacred bands may they still live,

And TULLY's VASE again their lays receive.

**The BEAUTIES of NATURE**  
*compared with those of ART.*

**N**O more of trivial ART,  
 By Fashion nourish'd, and from Folly born !  
 Your feeble aid I scorn :  
 What can your pow'r to scenes like this impart ?  
 Dwell in mechanic's brain ;  
 And ladies fond, with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay crowds which people this fair scene.

But come, sweet Nymph, from yonder shade,  
 In all thy native charms array'd.  
 (Not such as vainly strive to grace  
 The borrow'd shape, or wrinkled face,

Of

Of that proud Maid, whom courts might prize,  
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes ; )  
But, 'midst these lawns and vallies train'd,  
Artless, free, and unconstrain'd.  
Though not in gorgeous splendor dress'd,  
With blazing gems, or painted vest,  
Or costly buskins wrought in gold,  
Thy robes with ermine rich enroll'd :  
A stole across thy shoulders bound,  
Lightly trailing on the ground ;  
With thy auburn tresses flowing  
To the gale, (which gently blowing,  
Seems with eager joy to sip  
Hyblæan honey from thy lip,) )  
In greater splendor art thou seen  
Than the great enthroned Queen.

**Let us (shunning mortal sight)**  
**Together climb the mountain's height ;**  
**And, seated on the topmost row,**  
**Mark the various scenes below :**  
**Or teach me, Nymph, with thee to rove**  
**Through vale, or lawn, or shady grove ;**  
**And, as o'er NATURE's works we run,**  
**Teach me delusive ART to shun ;**  
**Teach me how She, divinely bright,**  
**Shines with a fix'd and steady light,**  
**Whilst Art, attempting Nature's ways,**  
**Reflects a faint, unsettled blaze.—**  
**Sweet warbler of the neighb'ring grove,**  
**Whose wild notes soothe the pangs of love,**  
**Who breathing forth thy nightly tale,**  
**Canst oft enchant the pleasing gale ;**

Which

Which quickly catching sounds so clear,  
 Wafts the soft notes to Damon's ear ;  
 Whilst he, perhaps, in some alcove,  
 Tunes his rustic pipe to love,  
 Which strives, in vain, with thine t' agree,  
 To sympathize, sweet Bird, with thee.  
 Let Damon's pipe a-while be mute,  
 The mellow warbling of the lute,  
 Yea, all the sounds which Art can give,  
 While thy sweet notes, alone, shall live.  
 And every Nymph, with transport, tell,  
 Of sweetly-pleasing Philomel,  
 Till morn, in golden beauty dreft,  
 Shall rise resplendent from the East,  
 And with his light the shepherd swain  
 Resume his daily task again.

Where now has ART conceal'd her head ?  
To courts, perchance, or cities fled ;  
There sleeps absorb'd in pomp and pride,  
While pageantry attends her side,  
With tinsel'd forms of mimic state,  
And round the couch in order wait.  
Thou ne'er shalt rule in this gay scene,—  
'Tis NATURE's work, and *She* is Queen ;  
Who scorns to mix her pow'r, divine,  
With such rude workmanship as thine,  
Can NATURE then such transport give ?  
No more with ART I mean to live.

---

## S A M E   S U B J E C T.

*The D E C I S I O N .   A TALE.*

**A**S NATURE and ART

Were walking apart,

They chanc'd for to meet at a Villa;

With pleasure they gaz'd,

Each beauty they prais'd,

And found it belong'd to fair MILLER.

" I pray you," says ART,

" Make haste to depart,

" This circle will NATURE disdain;

" Your rustic attire

" They cannot admire,

" 'Tis too vulgar, too simple, and plain.

" The elegant Belle,  
 " Who means to excel,  
 " Attends to my manner of pleasing ;  
 " Will dress out her hair,  
 " Sigh, ogle, and stare,  
 " And learn the right method of teasing."

But NATURE, who knew,  
 Though lik'd but by few,  
 She was sure to be countenanc'd here ;  
 Replied, " Indeed, ART,  
 " 'Tis you should depart,  
 " For, believe me, I've nothing to fear.

" Though simple and plain,  
 " I yet am so vain,  
 " To hope I shall now be admitted ;

" These Judges, you'll find,  
 " To NATURE are kind,  
 " By them I shall soon be acquitted."

Cried ART, in a rage,  
 " If you dare to engage,  
 " We'll apply to the Ladies, within ;  
 " I'll tell them the case,  
 " And then your disgrace,  
 " I am sure, cannot fail to begin.——

" Pray, Ladies, (says she)  
 " But listen to me,  
 " And your voices, I know, I shall gain :  
 " Plain NATURE pretends  
 " You all are her friends,  
 " But I the reverse do maintain."

Bright MILLER reply'd,  
Your case shall be try'd,  
By all These whom BATH EASTON adorit:  
They soon were agreed,  
For Nature DECREED,  
And Art was—rejected with scorn.

---

S A M E   S U B J E C T.

*Master S—H—B—G, sixteen Years old.*

I.

NATURE and ART, if we compare,

The difference we see :—

NATURE is ever young and fair,

ART—only in degree.

Behold

## II.

Behold the purple clouds which streak  
 The morning's dappled grey :—  
 Does the faint rose on Delia's cheek  
 Aurora's blush display ?

## III.

View all Creation round, and then  
 Revolving thoughts pursue ;  
 Who was it form'd this mighty plan ?  
 And that——from nothing too !

## IV.

Mis-shapen Chaos hid her head,  
 And, awe-struck at his nod,  
 Down to the dark, deep centre fled,  
 Confess'd the power of GOD.

## V.

From where His Throne, immensely bright,  
 On Heaven's high pillars rais'd,  
 He call'd the glorious orbs of light,—  
 And forth the radiance blaz'd.

## VI.

As with a span he measur'd space,  
 Earth trembled, Ocean roar'd ;—  
 And shall weak man presume to trace  
 Those worlds yet unexplor'd ?

## VII.

Our knowledge circumscrib'd, in vain  
 Would *Nature's* secrets know :  
 Alas ! we scarcely can explain  
 The things we see below.

Can

VIII.

Can all Golconda's precious mines  
(Come—bring it to the proof—)  
Vie with one single star which shines  
In yon blue vaulted roof ?

IX.

Or can the Lapidary's art,  
To gems of weaker rays,  
The di'mond's brilliancy impart,  
Or give so strong a blaze ?

X.

With that Carnation as it blows  
In yonder gay parterre,  
Where every rich profusion glows,  
Can TITIAN's tints compare ?

See,

## XI.

**S**ee, where between the nodding boughs,  
 The Birds their nests prepare ;  
**C**an human *Art* contrive a house  
 So elegant or fair ?

## XII.

**C**ou'd great Palladio build as well,  
 With like instinctive art,  
**A**s where the Beaver loves to dwell——  
 Design——in every part ?

## XIII.

**T**he bees' industrious care attend !  
 Their labour how refin'd !  
**T**heir policy——one noble end——  
 Instruction to mankind !

NATURE

## XIV.

NATURE is unconfin'd, and bold,  
 Graceful are all her ways ;—  
 But ART, by wanton whim controul'd,  
 Charms, not her own, displays.

## XV.

Know this great truth :—Say what you will,  
 NATURE her work compleats ;  
 But ART is *Nature's shadow still*,  
 And as a shadow fleets.

---



---

SAME

## S A M E S U B J E C T.

*Mis* D-s.

DAME NATURE once, by Frolic led,  
 Forsook her native straw-built shed,  
 Her hills, and verdant greens,  
 To see the Town ; — for passing Fame  
~~Had told her wonders of the same,~~  
 And gaily drew the scenes.

Arriv'd, — astonish'd she appear'd ;  
 The sights she saw, the sounds she heard,  
 Were wond'rous strange, she found ;  
 She call'd on *Modesty*, — but *She*,  
 With her sweet friend, *Simplicity*,  
 Were both gone out of Town.

As

As there, unknown, she pensive stray'd,

She *Fashion* met,—fantastic maid! —

And throwing forms aside,

She told her family, and name,

Her bus'ness there, from whence she came,

And beg'd she'd be her guide.

Says *Fashion*, — “ Yes ;—but first, my dear,

“ To form your shape, and dress your hair,

“ I'll lead you to the *Graces* ;

“ And then your *Chaprone* I'll be,

“ Each curiosity to see

“ In all the public places.” —

Almack's, Soho, the Ball, the Play,

The Masque by night, the Park by day, —

Each various charm was try'd:

But

But NATURE, sick of Folly's scenes,  
 Sigh'd for her native homely greens,  
 And, parting, thus she cry'd :——

“ Oh ! race, to every beauty blind,  
 “ What fascination cheats the mind !  
 “ What more than magic shades !  
 “ What ! leave my lawns, by *Flora* drest,  
 “ My groves, where peace has built her nest,  
 “ My grottoes, and my glades !  
 “ Forego to hear the tutor'd note,  
 “ My Philomela's tuneful throat,  
 “ Whose note mellifluous flows !  
 “ Can ART, with all her faint perfume,  
 “ Or brightest colours, e'er presume  
 “ To emulate my Rose ?  
 “ But

" But since so far from me She strays,

" (As is the ton of present days)

" I feel a just disdain ?

" Genius and Taste with me shall rove

" To seek sweet MILLER's shady grove,

" And there we'll fix our reign."

### Bouts Rimées.

G — H — T, Esq.

*An INVOCATION to MERCURY, as God of Peace,  
upon the present Dissensions at BATH.*

IMPERIAL Messenger of Jove,

Quick from the realms of

From Gods and Goddesses above,

To AVON haste away.

With olive crown'd, bid Discord cease,

Contending parties join ;

Thy Caduceus may to peace

Each tender breast incline.

But should our Youth, as some have said,

Reject both You, and Me,

May Beaux ne'er wed, and ev'ry Maid

Lead apes——by Jove's decree.

**I**MPATIENT, on this long-expected day,

When haste each Muse, at MILLER's voice, away ;

Round TULLY's Urn in jocund band we join.

And ye, heav'n-lov'd, whom happy stars incline

To court the yielding Muse, Oh ! bend with me

To beauteous MILLER's unarraign'd decree.

THE

THE beauteous Flower my *Chlos* pluck'd to-day,  
 To-morrow, wither'd, she will cast away;  
 But she herself can Art to Nature join,  
 Bloom through all ages, still to love incline  
 Our hearts.—O ! may she ever smile on me,  
 No more I ask, nor more can Fate decree.

---

## No. XIII.

## Enigma, and Bouts Rimées.

THOUGH choice as the day,  
 Some throw me away,  
 And others to waste me incline ;  
 But, in pity to me,  
 'Tis fair MILLER's decree,  
 T'improve me, this party should join.

## G—B OGLE, Esq.

**A**RT, at BATHEASTON, on a certain day,  
 Met NATURE, and thus vaunting talk'd away :—  
 “ I smooth'd that slope, I led these views to join,  
 “ I bade these waters fall, that hill incline.”  
 • True (replied NATURE) thus, by following ME,  
 • You'll ever please— still bow to my decree.’

---

*To the BEAUX ESPRITS of BATH.*

**I**, PHOEBUS the Fidler, and King of the day,  
 Who drive the dark clouds of thick dulness away,  
 By consent of each Muse on Parnassus, enjoin,  
 That whene'er your great souls to poetics incline,  
 Your toils you submit to fair MILLER, and ME,  
 And bow, unrepining, to what WE decree.

## ODE to the ELEGIAC MUSE.

\*\*\*\* C—ss—ns, Esq.

## I.

**QUEEN** of the mournful song !

Far from the gay and giddy throng,  
 The sons of dissonance and noise,  
 I seek your sober, pleasing joys !  
 Oh ! let me woo thee, pensive maid,  
 Where the tall cypress casts a solemn shade ;  
 Where the pale poplar whispers to the wind ! —  
 Or if beside the Hero's urn reclin'd,  
 Or where my Delia's ashes rest, you deign  
 To breathe the Elegiac strain, —  
 Assist me, while with you I mourn  
 Beside my Delia's grave, — or o'er the Hero's urn !

## II.

What stately form attracts my wondering eye,

That wrapt in stole of purple hue,

With step majestic, passes by?

A dagger in her hand she bears,

Wet with blood, and wet with tears;—

My wondering eyes the stately form pursue:

Now, erect she points to heaven,

Now, bending o'er the earth, she seems to view

Some horrid image to her fancy given—

She starts, she trembles,—and, in wild despair,

Rents her robe, and tears her hair:—

And now, as if by every woe oppress'd,

She sheathes the pointed dagger in her breast.

—In haste I leave the tragic form, to mourn

Beside my DELIA's grave,—or o'er the Hero's urn.

## III. COMUS,

## III.

**COMUS, be gone, with all thy noisy crew !**  
**To your delusive joys I bid adieu !**

And though **THALIA** join your train,  
 With nimble step, and mimic grace,  
 With laughter bursting on her face,  
 I feel that all your joys are pain,  
 While breathing forth the melancholy strain,  
 In sadly-pleasing notes, I mourn  
 Beside my **DELIA**'s grave,—or o'er the Hero's urn.

## IV.

**Queen of the mournful song !**  
 Inspir'd by thee, I tune the pensive lay,  
 The verdant meads and flowery vales among.  
 —How sweet at evening hour to stray,  
 When the sun lingers on the distant hill,

To where the woodbine blows :  
 And listening to the murmuring rill,  
 Enjoy a pleasing, calm repose,  
 Which festive pleasure never knows :—  
 While, borne upon the rising gale,  
 The knell resounds along the vale :—  
 But oh ! 'tis sweeter far with thee to mourn,  
 Beside my DELIA's grave,—or o'er the Hero's urn.

---

## E P I T A P H.

## I.

SWEET as the rose was DELIA's early bloom !  
 With every grace and every virtue blest !  
 Fate bore my DELIA to the silent tomb ;—  
 Beneath this stone her sacred ashes rest.

## II. And

## II.

And near at hand, the sculptur'd arms declare  
 The heroic worth of him who sleeps below !—  
 Amid the dangers and the din of war,  
 Death, haughty victor, gave th' untimely blow.

## III.

Beauty and Valour dead demand our woe !—  
 To them, the weeping Muse her trophy rears !  
 Delia forgive,—if, as my sorrows flow,  
 I mix the *Patriot's* with the *Lover's* tears !

---

O D E to Mrs. M I L L E R,

*Under the Name of M Y R A.*

VENUS, in vain the *Paphian* Nymphs  
 With busy care thy groves attend ;

In vain distill'd from copious urns  
 Refreshing dews each eve descend ;

Let *Phæbus*, and his laurell'd train,  
 Be witness, with the tuneful *Nine*,  
 The Sprig, from *Myra*'s myrtle cropt,  
 Shines brighter far, nor fades like thine.

The Garland, wrought by *Myra*'s hand,  
 Fair meed of worth ! with wondrous charms  
 Adds strength to Fancy's tow'ring wing,  
 The heart with nobler ardour warms,

The Golden Bough *Æneas* led  
 Down to the *Stygian* realms of night ;  
 Her soaring dove to kindred skies  
 Directs the raptur'd poet's flight.

Like

Like Fate, her Urn each lot contains,  
 Not Chance, but Judgment gives the prize ;  
 Nor sinks the vanquish'd bard dismay'd,  
 By bright examples taught to rise.

Ye Fair, whom sportive *Naids* deck,  
 With roses fresh in *Bladud's* vale ;  
 Ye aged Sires, whose youth restor'd,  
 Lends truth to *Aesop's* fabled tale ;

\*With smiles the coming Muses greet,  
 To *Myra's* chaplets join your praise ;  
 Whilst Fame with trumpet loud proclaims,  
 And echoing Nymphs resound their lays.

\* These lines refer to the present Collection, then in the Press for publication.

## ODE to the NEW YEAR, 1775.

**H**AIL the year, and hail the morn,  
 That **MILLER** bids my verse adorn !—  
**MILLER**, whose taste refin'd, and classic sway,  
 The Baian Muses willingly obey ;—  
**MILLER**, whose voice can crown the Poet's name  
 With Merit's best reward, immortal FAME !

Sing we then the early year,  
 Its chilly blasts, its prospect drear,  
 The mountains white with frozen snow,  
 The far-extended vale below  
 Sheeted with ice, the forest wide  
 Bereft of all its leafy pride ;  
 Such scenes might daunt the Muse,—yet scenes like these  
**MILLER**, who guides our verse, can teach to please;  
 Her

Her genial smiles perpetual warmth inspire,  
And animate our breasts with unconsuming fire.

Soon shall Zephyr waft his gales  
O'er the hills and o'er the vales,  
Shedding vernal sweets around,  
Painting o'er th' enamel'd ground ;  
Nature feels new life,—new love  
Echoes thro' each tuneful grove.

MAIA, creative nymph ! Love's pleasing dart,  
Wing'd by thy breath, unerring wounds the heart ;  
Say, shall BATHEASTON own the influence dear,  
Where Wit, as well as Love, conducts the rolling year ?

Mark the glowing God of day  
Darting down his fiercest ray  
From burning *Cancer* :—Labour droops  
Beneath his beam, and slowly troops

The

The panting herd, to seek the shade  
 Of hanging rock or wat'ry glade.

But far more potent blazes *Beauty's* sun ;  
 Those beams, alas ! we strive in vain to shun :  
 Love's raging tyranny reigns unconfin'd,  
 And with resistless passion desolates the mind.

Now the scales of Libra high  
 Speak the fruit of culture nigh ;  
 Rich the harvest of the fields,  
 Rich the juice the vintage yields ;  
 Nature pours her large increase,  
 Crown'd with plenty, health, and peace.

Thus Labour thrives in every clime and soil,  
 Nor shall the Muse lament a barren toil,  
 When MILLER calls the favour'd Poet forth,  
 Her envied wreath rewards and consecrates his worth.

Ceafe,

Cease, my Muse, thy task is done,  
 From Winter's frost to Autumn's sun ;  
 Thro' the year thy verse has run.  
 Cease, my Muse, the task is done.

---

The following Lines are an Extract from a little Poem,  
 wrote immediately before the publication of this small  
 Collection.

SUBJECT, *The Beauties of NATURE,*  
*compared with those of ART.*

J. M—LL—R, Esq;

COU'D all Pygmalion's plastic art,  
 Strike the eye, or touch the heart,  
 Turn the limbs, or give an air  
 So divinely soft and fair,

So

( 150 )

So replete with every *Grace*,  
As DIEDEN's\* form, as DIEDEN's face ?

\* Madame LA BARONNE DIEDE, wife to his Excellency the Baron  
DIEDE, Envoy Extraordinary, &c. &c. from the King of Denmark.

F I N I S.

# I N D E X;

O R,

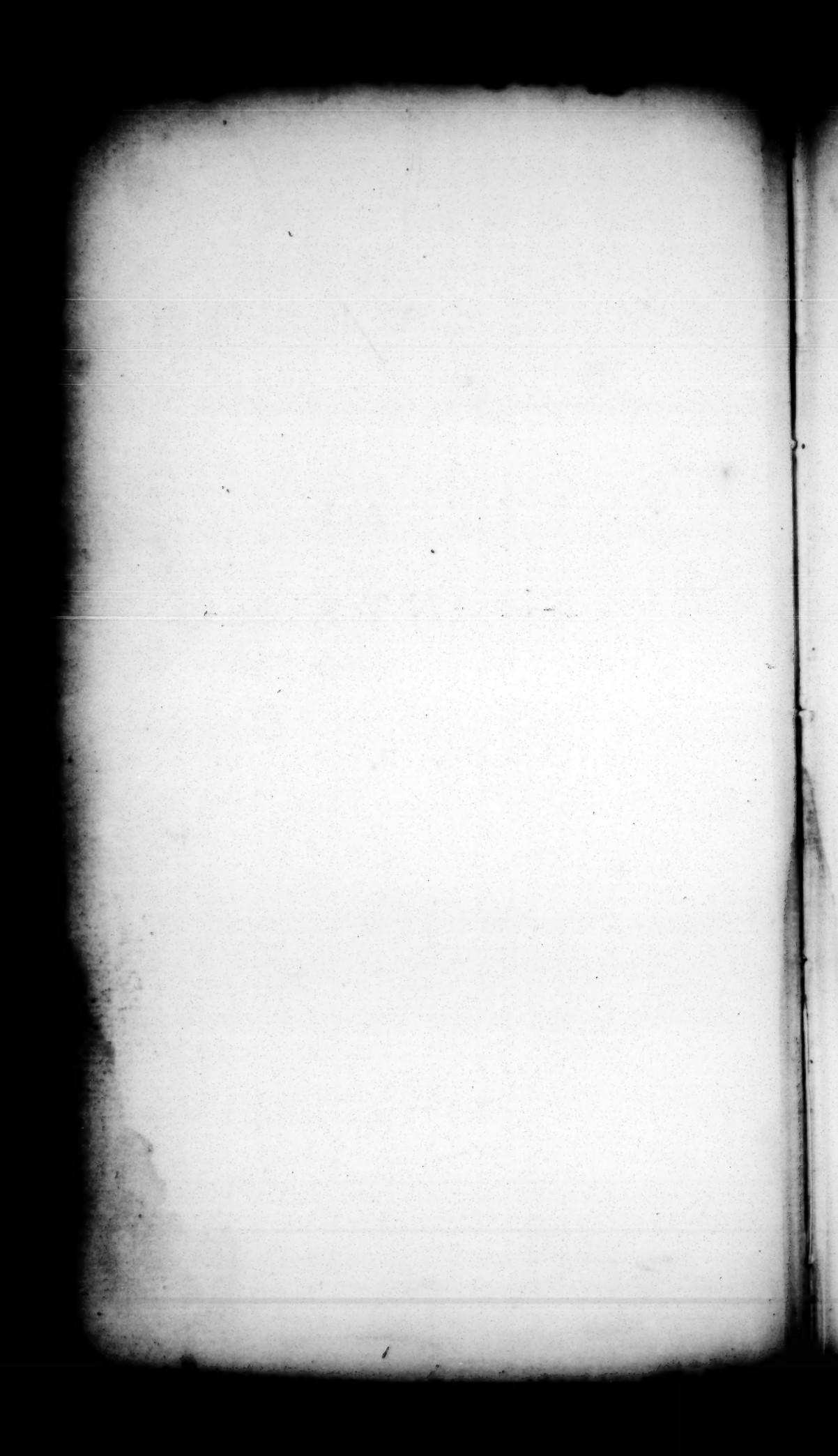
## Explanation to the ENIGMAS.

- |               |                    |
|---------------|--------------------|
| I. A Shoe.    | VIII. A Glow-Worm. |
| II. Pam.      | IX. A Watch.       |
| III. A Sigh.  | X. A Violin.       |
| IV. A Letter. | XI. A Bee.         |
| V. Gold.      | XII. The VASE.     |
| VI. A Secret. | XIII. Time.        |
| VII. A Fly.   |                    |



P O E T I C A L  
A M U S E M E N T S, &c.

VOLUME II.



P O E T I C A L  
A M U S E M E N T S  
A T A  
V I L L A  
N E A R  
*B*      *A*      *T*      *H.*  
V O L U M E   II.

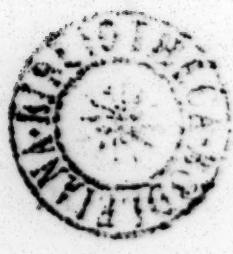
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L O N D O N:  
Printed for E D W A R D and C H A R L E S D I L L Y.

And sold by  
W. F R E D E R I C K at Bath.

M DCC LXXVI.



---

## P R E F A C E.

THE rapid sale of an entire Edition of the *Poetical Amusements*, within ten days from its appearance, calls for a Second Edition of the First, and justifies our publication of this Second Volume.

*Bouts Rimées*—those little *aliens* to British Genius and British Liberty—held out in the infancy of our institution to accommodate the Indolent and to encourage the Diffident—having, in some measure, answered the objects of their introduction, are, at present,

*sent*, under a general prohibition. The small number of them dispersed through the following sheets—if they bear not with them their own justification—may probably be the last—to confine the Writer or molest the Reader.

The Subjects given out were calculated to preclude all discussion of PARTY and OPINION—all tendency to PERSONALITY—and to discourage every violation of the sanctities of Society. Nothing (we apprehend) in these volumes can

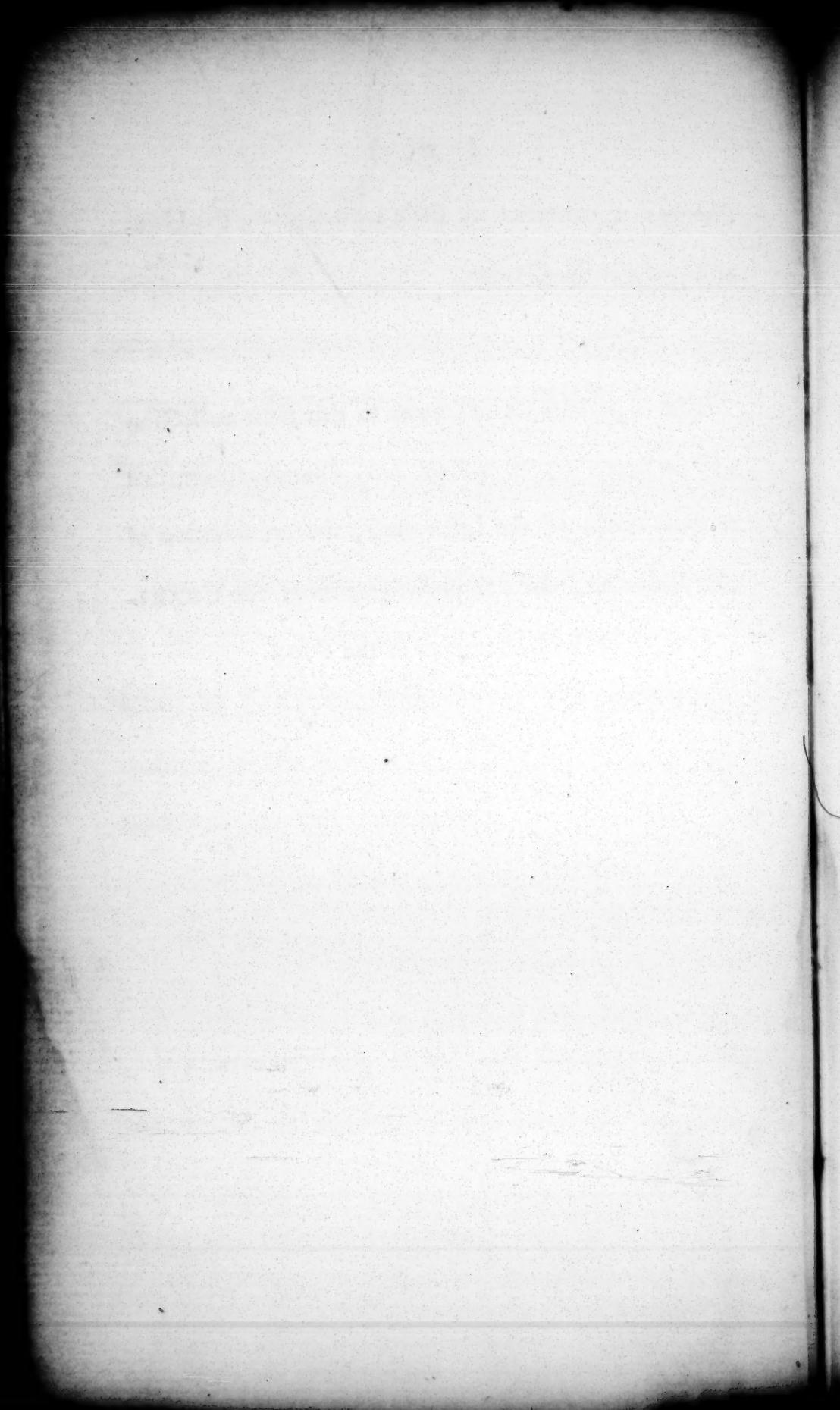
Give Virtue, Scandal, Innocence, a fear,  
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear.

We have nothing to do with CRITICISM, the  
the OBJECT of our institution is *Amusement*, its END

*Charity*:

*Charity: it concerns us little who ridicules the ONE,  
or reprobates the OTHER.*

The ingenious Contributors to this little collection  
will be found (if we mistake not) abundantly entitled  
to the thanks of the Institutress, the approbation of  
the LIBERAL, the acknowledgments of the CHARI-  
TABLE, and the BLESSINGS of the POOR.





## POETICAL AMUSEMENTS, &c.

---

Subject, GRACE,—and SIMPLEX  
MUNDITIIS.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

**Y**E beaux esprit, say what is *Grace*?  
Dwells it in *motion, shape, or face*?  
Or is it all the three combin'd,  
Guided and soften'd by the mind?  
Where it is *not*, all eyes may see;  
But where it *is*, all hearts agree:

B

'Tis

'Tis there, when easy in its state,  
 The mind is elegantly great ;  
 Where looks give speech to every feature,  
 The sweetest eloquence of Nature !  
 A harmony of thought, and motion,  
 To which at once we pay devotion :  
 But where to find this nonpareil !  
 Where does this female wonder dwell,  
 Who can at will our hearts command ?  
 Behold in public—CUMBERLAND.

---

### SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS.

**S**IMPLEX MUNDITIIS to explain  
 I long attempted,—but in vain ;  
 'Till MILLER did *herself* present,  
 Then knew I what the Latin meant.

'Tis

## ( 3 )

'Tis true she now translates it **GRACE** ;

Calls on each bard its pow'rs to trace ;

In what consists it, to define ;

And how to fix it in each line.

This task, though hard, I long essay'd,

The more I wrote, the more I stray'd ;

Yet as the time full near was brought,

Take this my last attempt and thought.

**GRACE** then, to make my subject clear,

Should in each outward act appear ;

To open, gen'rous manners ty'd ;

To Beauty's self be near ally'd ;

At least a symmetry take place

To constitute acknowledg'd **GRACE**.

An easy carriage, vesture neat,

You'll add, to make the thing complete.

'Tis neatness, elegance, and ease  
 United, which can always please.  
 Oft-times from fashion is as far,  
 As from this isle the Indias are ;  
 Sometimes in humble garb is seen,  
 Nor always found to deck a queen :  
 Yet sets it off all other charms,  
 Secures each heart, each bosom warms ;  
 Gives to each fair a brighter glow,  
 Than diamond's beam, or silks bestow ;  
 In ev'ry state its marks are known,  
 In ev'ry rank its pow'r is shwon,  
 Confess'd by all, to all a prize,  
 The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.  
 Know'st thou it not, to Bath repair,  
 On Avon's banks behold the fair,

There see it in the circle gay  
 Which that fam'd city can display ;  
 It lives in Tomkyns gentle mien,  
 In Wroughton's much priz'd form 'tis seen,  
 To Lockhart gives superior sway,  
 And brightens Dutton with its ray,  
 In ——— dignity is shown,  
 And shines at all times Kerr \* thy own,  
 In ——— brilliant air express'd,  
 In ——— mildness stands confess'd,  
 In Heywood's youth its presence greet,  
 In *Cumbria's Dutches* shines complete.

\* Lady Emily Kerr.

## SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS,

**S**IMPLEX MUNDITIIS is the word.

Thus, Miller spoke, the poet heard,  
 And turn'd, and turn'd it o'er again,  
 Yet to no purpose rack'd his brain :  
 He found the Latin was too hard,  
 To be express'd by English bard.  
 As thus he sought how to translate,  
 And bit his nails, and scratch'd his pate ;  
 Egad ! cries he, I've found it out,  
 The fair one sure thought me a lout,  
 Not to perceive the cunning elf  
 By Simp. Munditiis meant herself.

GRACE,

## G R A C E,

*With an Explication, or Translation of*

## SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS.

EDWARD D-x, Esq.

**G**RACE was in all her steps ; Heaven in her eye ;

I do not believe a word on't ; No, not I.

Pray from what chapter did your wisdom gather

That mother Eve had on a single feather ?

She might be deck'd indeed to Adam's wishes,

For e'er she fell, she *Simplex* was *Munditiis*.

Her garb was truly simple, nat'ral, plain,

And (till the dev'l was in her) free from stain.

But now the sole criterion of *Grace*,

Consists in dressing like the feather'd race ;

Perch then ye feather'd fair on every spray  
 Of Miller's grove, and usher in sweet May.

\* \* \* \* \*

See Coquetilla down Fops-alley march,  
 With nodding plumes ; so slow, so stiff, so starch.  
 So have I seen—Seen what, a fiery dragon ?  
 No : the proud fore-horse of a loaded waggon ;  
 Feathers and furbelows eclipse his eyes,  
 And wield destruction at aspiring flies :  
 So Coquetilla's ostrich feather flows  
 To flap destruction on presumptuous beaux.

If (but it can't be, now the world's so good)  
 Heaven should inflict another general flood ;  
 What blunders would ensue in Noah's ark,  
 Birds, beasts, and men, together in the dark ;

Some

Some peer may miss his deary in the pen,  
 And come out coupled with a Friesland hen.  
 Or some fair lady from her lord may wander,  
 And be enamour'd with a silly gander.

'Twas but three years since Gallic friseurs put on  
 Our lady's shoulders, *a vile tete de mouton* :  
 Could ye conceive that there was any grace  
 Or beauty in a poor sheep's head, or face :  
 Tell me, ye fops of that fantastic nation,  
 Where will you lead us next with *ton* and fashion.  
 In seventy-five you've feather'd all our fair,  
 Perhaps next year you'll deck 'em all with hair.  
 Would it not make the gentle Strephon stare  
 To see sweet Phillis like a Russian bear ?  
 To see those lovely cheeks, that snow-white breast,  
 As rough, and rugged, as a magpye's nest ?

'Tis

'Tis she—she comes—my jocund muse ! 'Tis she !  
 Beaming with decent grace, and majesty :  
 She comes like some bright angel from above ;  
 In every gesture dignity and love ;  
 With conscious virtue gracefully array'd—  
 She's all perfection.—'Tis the blue-ey'd maid.

*Thus* to the feather'd race *she* shews her love,  
 She wears the softnes of the gentle dove,  
 The peacock's plumes and dignity of pace,  
 Teach her how beauty is improv'd by *Grace*.  
 In Philomela chaunting to her mate  
 She reads the comforts of a wedded state.

The hen domestic, with her fostering wing,  
 Shews her the cares her little brood will bring.

Ye macaronis—(ravens, kites, and daws)

She'll guard her chickens from your ravenous claws;

Her conduct here by gods and men approv'd,

When she's call'd hence from all on earth she lov'd:

The bird of Jove shall shew her how to rise

To the blest mansions of the vaulted skies;

Through Heaven's wide gates her innocence and grace

Will be her passport to an angel's place.

With virtue crown'd (feathers that ne'er can fade)

I hope you like my lovely blue-ey'd maid:

Not from the *ton*, but her, I'd have you trace

The surest means to plume yourselves with Grace.

If you approve the pattern that she brings,

Give us a chirp, ye fair; and clap your wings.

*The Difference between***W I T and H U M O U R.**

**T**H E diff'rence (spite of common rumour)

You ask, 'twixt real Wit and Humour ;

Whilst I, disdaining pompous diction,

High flights, and vain poetic fiction,

Which only serve the sense to shroud,

And leave the subject in a cloud,

Attentive still to your petition,

Answer by way of definition.

Of Wit, the true criterion is,

In just, and apt resemblances,

Ideas variously combin'd,

That flash conviction on the mind ;

That

That give to Truth a brighter die,  
 To Sense, a double poignancy ;  
 Whose force of ridicule we see  
 In many a lively repartee :  
 Which vent'ring often to explore  
 What to the Mind was known before,  
 Giving to Thought a pleasing dress,  
 Shews what all feel, but can't express.  
 For as Hogarth, neglecting grace,  
 By scratch of pen could shew a face ;  
 So in Wit's finer strokes we find  
 Each varied image of the mind :  
 Touch'd with the likeness all the while  
 We feel its force, and only smile.

Humour performs the other half,  
 And leads us to a hearty laugh,

Much

Much she attempts, nor ought in vain,  
 Still mistress of the comic vein,  
 In form and manner sure to please,  
 And most of all, by Truth and Ease :  
 For as true Wit, the wise agree,  
 Is lively thought, and repartee ;  
 So Humour is a combination  
 Of drollery, and imitation.

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## E D G A R.

*A Poem written for the Vase of Batheaston.*

Subject, CHARITY.

By the Rev. SANDFORD HARDCastle.

“ DO good to all men.”—It is Heav’n’s own voice.  
 Heav’n, joining reason in the soft command,

Bids us be happy ; blessed while we bless.—

Hear then ;—be wise ;—rest on the word of Heav'n ;

Deal forth thy good deeds with a lib'ral hand ;

Prompt payment shall come shortly. Yet to him

Payment can only come, whose tender heart

Feels when his hand distributes.—Thou, my friend,

Full oft hast heard me speak, my early youth

Soon learnt humanity.—My parents died—

Orphans have claim on charitable souls ;

The pious Edgar thought so, mov'd perhaps

By the soft eloquence of infant tears,

Perchance by Nature tempted, to his roof

He led the fatherless.—It was the seat

Of nuptial happiness, a rustic cot,

Small, yet convenient, for their wants were few :

As *Edgar*, knowing what all men should learn,

Was

**Was with his lot contented.—Happy state !**

**Labour he ply'd for exercise, not pelf ;**

**For though he needed not to toil for bread,**

**Edgar was never idle.—Soon, my friend,**

**At early dawn, he led me to the field,**

**And, drawing morals from each task he took,**

**Told me, “ that ev'ry seed, well sown on earth,**

**“ Should yield full harvest in that awful day,**

**“ When all arrears of labour shall be paid,**

**“ Each well-meant toil rewarded.”—Once, perchance,**

**I found him busied near a murmuring rill,**

**To various little streams he turn'd its source,**

**Where, wand'ring devious through his neat dress'd**

**grounds,**

**It cheer'd the green copse, fill'd the earing corn,**

**Then trickled gently through the perfumed grove,**

Where

Where Nature's nursery was. Sweet, blooming babes !

Yes—ev'ry wild flower sure is Nature's child,

From annual frolic with the lusty sun

The teeming Mother bears them.—Edgar smil'd.

“ Mark well, my child, he said, this little stream

“ Shall teach thee Charity. It is a source

“ I never knew exhaust—directed thus

“ Be that soft stream, the fountain of thy heart.

“ For, Oh ! my child, he said, if right I ween,

“ And he who fosters children not his own,

“ They say, is seldom partial, thy young heart

“ Hath those affections that shall bless thyself,

“ And flowing softly, like this little rill,

“ Cheer all that droop.”—The good man did not err ;

The milk of human-kindness warm'd my breast :

Young as I was, I felt for others woes,

C

And,

And, when I could, reliev'd them. Yet—I was young !

And, having lavish'd all my infant store

In gewgaw toys, and childish fooleries,

I do remember well, a vet'ran old,

Maim'd and disfigur'd by the hand of war,

Implor'd my charity. I felt, alas !

His various wants—sore, sick, and wan he seem'd :

Much as a soldier I rever'd the man :

My little heart bled at each wound he shew'd :

Alas ! alas ! replied my infant thoughts,

And shall want cloud the ev'ning of his days

Whose noon of life was toil ?—The toil of war !

Whose deep scars—witness of his brave exploit !

Tell how he serv'd his country. Yes—I wept :

It was the first time that I e'er knew want,

I was indeed a bankrupt. Edgar came.

I wept,

I wept, but spake not, for my heart was full.

“ What wilt thou give, my boy ? ”— Fearing a lie,  
I sob’d out truth most sadly. Edgar felt.

Pardon’d my folly, for he loved my tears,  
And gave what sooth’d the poor man’s misery.

But, in our ev’ning’s walk, behold ! the stream  
Was dry. I ask’d the cause—Mark me, my child  
This rill, I told thee oft, through all thy life,  
Should teach thee Charity.—Now let it learn,  
If yet thou hast to learn, that the bles’d source  
Of lib’ral deeds is wise oeconomy.

This morn, like thee, I drew the stream too fast,  
Now—when the parch’d glebe wants its wat’ry aid,  
The source is all exhausted. So we liv’d—  
Edgar still watch’d the rose-bud as it grew,  
Wishing my bloom of reason. Ev’ry night

Some useful lesson to my ear convey'd  
 Of moral bard instructive : Legends old—  
 Such tales as oft gain audience round the hearth  
 Of plain simplicity.—How ? “ So it chanc'd,  
 “ Two helpless children wand'ring through a wood,  
 “ By friendly charitable birds reliev'd,  
 “ Long time found sustenance.” I felt it all !  
 And promis'd ne'er with felon hand to rob  
 The nest of birds so worthy—Winter came  
 I fed each warbler that I found, with crumbs :  
 Poor birds !—They gained by my simple thoughts,  
 And I was not a loser.—Older grown—  
 The good man spake of royal Edward's love ;  
 Told, “ how the Wanton, though she clad the poor,  
 “ With needful succour fed each hungry guest,  
 “ Cast out, neglected, in the public streets,  
     “ Starv'd,

" Starv'd, and despised, died wretched." Well she  
might!—

Not Charity itself hath power to screen  
That wedded fair-one, whose unguarded steps  
Aught deviates from the paths of chastity—

Yes—many a story quaint the good man told :

From sacred writ he fetch'd the frequent hint ;

" The widow's cruise, he said, ne'er waxed dry,

" Nor was the little morsel that she had,

" Her one poor cake, diminish'd."—He nam'd again,

" A widow fam'd for Charity—who gave,

" With faith most stedfast, all she had—one mite :"

Heav'n grasp'd the boon !—Flush'd with seraphic joy

The cherub Mercy, from that awful book

Where her account stood register'd above,

Eras'd a page of failings—So, my friend,

Did I first learn to feel. Guiltless myself,  
He bade me give my pity, not my scorn,  
To those my heart did censure. Scandal ne'er  
Found entrance at our door—I heard her once—  
The foul fiend spake a lie—I glow'd disdain—  
Perhaps 'twas somewhat hasty, but my tongue  
Brav'd forth conviction, for my friend was wrong'd—  
Yes—Edgar's maxims are my life's safe rule.  
This morn, reflecting on his little stream,  
“ How would my Edgar, said my busy thoughts,  
“ Revere the fair one, who hath power to lure  
“ My giddy youth to muse on Charity.”

*An ODE to CHARITY.*

By GEORGE H—T, Esq.

**C**ELESTIAL Maid, of source divine,

With plastic hand bestow,

That soft effusion of the mind

Which melts at others woe.

Bid Pity move each throbbing breast

Soft gushing in a tear ;

That tribute Nature sure exacts

For wretched mortals here.

'Tis Nature calls, attend her voice,

Proud dissipated man,

And copy with a feeling heart

The good Samaritan.

From infant want or helpless age  
 Ne'er turn thy steps aside ;  
 Nor boast thy own superior worth  
 With Pharisean pride.

The social compact calls on each  
 For mutual help, nor e'er  
 To think like Mandeville that *Self*  
 Is man's peculiar care.

T'alleviate with healing pow'rs  
 Each sublunary ill,  
 And shew, though tyrant Fate oppres  
 That man has mercy still.

Approach.

Approach your humble cot, and view  
That complicated scene,  
Where Fate the double pressure lays  
Of Poverty and Pain.

Can you those pallid looks behold  
And not an alms afford ;  
Nor spare to sooth an infant's moan  
One morsel from your board.

Can you, unmov'd, th'expiring groan,  
The knell of sorrow hear,  
And not with weeping kindred drop  
One sympathetic tear.

Humanity the thought disclaims,  
 Avows this maxim true,  
 Man is not born for *self* alone,  
 But lives for others too.

Ye Fair, to pining Nature then  
 The balm of pity give ;  
 Pity is your peculiar claim,  
 'Tis your prerogative.

With soft emotions of the heart  
 The house of sorrow view,  
 And let the widow's mite excite  
 Beneficence in you.

From

From your compassion and relief  
 Let streams of bounty flow ;  
 Make suff'ring languor smile in death,  
 And smooth the bed of woe.

Britannia's annals justly then  
 Might some eulogiums claim,  
 Nor Roman Charity alone  
 Consign to future fame.

---

### O D E   *to*   C H A R I T Y.

D AUGHTER of Heav'n, bright ray of Worth  
 Supreme,  
 Essence sincere of Uncreated Mind,  
 Of seraph's voice and harp incessant theme,  
 Blest with affection soft, and aspect kind,

Thee I invoke ! if on thy votary's head  
 Thou deign with liberal hand thy influence mild to shed.

By thee impell'd, with yearnings oft I rue  
 The ghastly form on dying couch reclin'd ;  
 Prompted by thee, with visit sad I view  
 The wretch diseas'd, in nauseous dome confin'd,  
 Stript of parental aid, and friendships dear ;  
 And sooth the orphan's plaint, and dry the widow's tear.

Mark, mark, with tottering limbs, a prey to care,  
 The hungry cottager in silence mourn ;  
 His pittance scant he takes of homely fare,  
 By all unseen, unpitied and forlorn :  
 All, but your keener search : your piercing eye  
 Pervades his dark recess, O godlike Charity.

Close by his side, sole partner of his grief,  
 Ghost of existence, fits his meagre spouse  
 Round them, dismay'd, and strangers to relief,  
 Their squallid offspring frames its fruitless vows.  
 Soon as *you* touch the threshold, heav'nly queen,  
 Quick with resplendent day you gild the gloomy scene.  
 And first, with secret hand, diffusive wide,  
 You pour the blessings of your genial reign ;  
 Next, to the dome where Med'cine's sons preside,  
 With speed conduct the grateful wandering train.  
 You give—and giving taste the bless refin'd,  
 Patron of want obscure, and friend of human kind.  
 Nor less the youthful uninstructed heart  
 Claims the rich tribute of your sympathy ;  
 With willing tongue the lesson you impart,  
 And point to *Faith*, and *Hope*, and realms on high :

**Then to the sisters twain consign your charge,  
And bid them to his sight the prospect clear enlarge.**

**Struck with thy form, thy inward worth I trace,**

**In kind regards, and social converse sweet :**

**At thy approach, pale *Envy* speeds her pace,**

***Hatred*, and foul *Surmise*, and dark *Deceit*.**

**See---by thy presence aw'd, thy step they shun,**

**Like vapours dank dispers'd, as beams the orient sun.**

**Charm'd I behold, while in thy train proceed**

**With awful majesty the Graces fair ;**

***Forbearance* kind, and *Peace*, the chorus lead ;**

**And mild *Humility*, with modest air ;**

***Compassion* soft ; and *Temperance*, whose best food,**

**Dainty repast of mind, is *universal good*.**

**And**

And hark ! methinks I hear thy solemn voice ;  
 " Vain man, pursue thy Maker's first intent,  
 " His best resemblance be thy earliest choice,"  
 Who (like the orb in yonder firmament)  
 To all alike his beams enlivening pours,  
 Alike on all, unask'd, distills his balmy showers.

---

## C H A R I T Y.

JAMES BLAND BURGESS, Esq.

Y E Belles ! who seek these blest retreats,  
 Where Elegance with Fancy meets,  
 And *Taste* and *Miller* join ;  
 Disdain not to attend awhile,  
 But listen, and benignly smile,  
 To aid the timorous line.

When

When life is gay, and beauty charms,  
When every heart your power alarms,  
Distrust, ye Fair, the scene :  
Soon must the flattering dream conclude,  
For soon must other cares intrude  
To cloud your brows serene.

The liquid eye, the flowing hair,  
The cheeks and neck so heavenly fair  
Which emulate the snow ;  
The voice, which now delights our ears  
More than the music of the spheres,  
A change must quickly know.

When

When thus you see life fleet away,  
 See youth with all its charms decay,  
 And yield to wrinkled age ;  
 Can you unmov'd remain, nor seek  
 Some power this poison's force to check,  
 Or mitigate its rage ?

The breast which melts at other's woe  
 Alone can real pleasure know,  
 Alone is blest and calm :  
 This sure is Charity refin'd,  
 Which pitying heals the wounded mind,  
 And pours on grief rich balm.

D

This

This will each other loss supply,  
And please when other beauties fly,  
Which now our hearts alarm ;  
When fades the bloom of *Haywood's* face,  
With *Jenning's* elegance and grace,  
And *Lockhart's* every charm.

Say, can your breasts untouched remain,  
When at your feet a faithful swain  
Your matchless power declares ?  
Can tender hearts then cruel prove,  
Nor fondly own the power of love,  
When arm'd with sighs and pray'rs ?

Ah no ! the feeling gen'rous breast  
 'The transport shares in giving rest,  
 And turning pain to joy ;  
 A thousand gentle pleasures knows  
 By nobly changing speechless woes  
 To bliss without alloy.

The favour'd hour then quickly seize,  
 When youth and charms combine to please,  
 And bid the lover live :  
 Time slowly creeps, but sure :—then haste,  
 Exert your Charity, and taste  
 The joys which love can give.

*The C O U R T of T R U T H.*

In the Manner of SPENSER.

I.

**S**CORCH'D by the mid-day sun I sought the shade,  
 To catch the freshness of the passing breeze :  
 Upon a flowery bank my limbs I laid  
 To woo the soft winds whispering in the trees.  
 Come, gentle air, I cry'd, and give me ease !  
 With sickening heat no more let nature glow !  
 'Tis done,—and now the raging fervors cease,  
 As the gales rise from yonder lake below,  
 And thro' the tall woods sing, and o'er the valley blow.

II. Thus

## II.

Thus as I lay, soft slumbers clos'd mine eyes,  
 While Fancy o'er my senses wav'd her wand ;  
 And soon the fairy visions 'gan to rise  
 In livery gay, as she doth well command :  
 And strait, methought, a stately hall did stand  
 Before my sight, with many a portal fair,  
 Such as belong to dome in Grecian land,  
 Of cost so great, and workmanship so rare,  
 That 'tis beyond my feeble rhymings to declare.

## III.

Around the gates, a thick, impatient croud,  
 Eager to enter, pass'd within my view :  
 And when the herald blew with blast so loud  
 The clarion shrill, the portals open flew.

The busy throng the hurrying way pursue.

I follow'd ; and before the lofty throne

Of Truth I came : for instantly I knew

The beauteous goddess who did sit thereon,

So bright her awful front with native lustre shone.

## IV.

In her right hand a laurel wreath she bore

To crown his brows who best deserv'd the prize ;

Such as of old the bravest heroes wore,

Right emblem of that fame which never dies.

Two claimants strait appear'd, of different guise,

The one, though young, posseſſ'd a noble grace ;

The vivid lightning darted from his eyes,

Nor e'er did frowns his polish'd brow disgrace,

But cheerful smiles did play upon his manly face.

## V. The

## V.

The other, more advanc'd in years, did bear  
 Upon his jolly cheek the rosy hue  
 Of Bacchus, foe to every pallid care :  
 And as he talk'd, he laugh'd !—for well he knew  
 With noisy joy his story to pursue.  
 The one was *Wit*, the other *Humour* nam'd ;  
 From different mothers, but one sire, they grew.  
 They both with equal hope the laurel claim'd ;  
 They both at high renown with generous ardor aim'd.

## VI.

Full in the sight of all, the judge did place  
 (Whereon the claimants might their powers display)  
 The hated passions of the human race.  
 Pale Avarice,—Ambition never gay,

Stern Cruelty that with blood doth mark her way,  
 With Scandal whose foul tongue is poison'd o'er,  
 And Jealousy to watchful hours a prey :  
 And well my muse could name a thousand more ;  
 But ah !—such thorny paths she trembles to explore.

## VII.

And soon, when *Wit* beheld this mingled croud,  
 Impetuous flashes darted from his eye :  
 Nor in soft whispers, nor in accents loud,  
 Or to deceive or frighten did he try ;  
 Nor quite forget the arts of courtesy ;  
 But with apt tauntings, and in manly tone,  
 He drew such pictures of their misery ;  
 That every passion he did make to groan,  
 Which done,—he boldly claim'd the laurel as his own.

## VIII. But

## VII.

But *Humour* now, with laughter on his cheek,  
Began his tale, for many a tale had he ;  
Which made involuntary raptures break  
Forth from the throng, at his so merry glee.  
The passions too, at his loud jollity,  
Did seem to smile amid their sore dismay.  
Laughing I wak'd, and ending none did see  
Of all this fairy scene so bright and gay :  
For Fancy spread her wings, and swiftly fled away.

*An APOLOGY for  
WIT and HUMOUR.*

To the Tune of *Chevy Chace.*

THOMAS ST—LY, Esq.

GOOD people all, a sad mishap,  
My witty muse beset ;  
Condemn'd to purge her crimes away,  
Like sinful soul in hell.

With quaint conceits to make you smile,  
From Bath she took her way ;  
But ever since has rued full sore,  
The fortune of that day.

With

With heart as brisk and light as air,  
 She heard her stanzas read ;  
 But when, alas ! she saw them blaze,  
 It heavy fell as lead.

Against a hapless bard, ye fair,  
 Why all this mighty pother ;  
 His modest muse one meaning gave,  
 Your lively thoughts another.

'Twas cruel sure to stop his mouth,  
 And say you'd hear no more,  
 When by your tittering 'twas plain,  
 Your hearts cry'd out *encore*.

**Ye sentimental bards, who deal  
In hymns and psalms by lumps ;  
It grieves my heart your muse to see,  
So often in the dumps.**

**Your sportive muse which erst was wont  
With sprightliest thoughts to glow,  
Has struck poor Humour to the heart,  
A deep and deadly blow.**

**Brisk Pegasus, that frisky steed,  
Which oft the vict'ry got,  
Is now so dull and languid grown,  
He scarce can raise a trot.**

Ye men and maids who *Here* each week,  
In quest of mirth do roam ;  
If e'er you leave your smiles behind,  
You'd better stay at home.

O'er musty authors oft I've por'd,  
And broke my midnight sleep ;  
But they assure me one and all—  
'Tis better laugh than weep.

In hopes of milder fate, my muse  
Has once more tun'd her lyre ;  
Yet even now with fear she quakes —  
A burnt child dreads the fire.

Most gracious Queen these stanzas spare,  
 Vouchsafe them long to reign ;  
 And grant that I may never see,  
 My muse in flames again.

---

*The Difference between*

W I T and H U M O U R.

EDWARD D—x, Esq.

I.

ONCE more shall I take up the lyre,  
 And call for the aid of the Nine !  
 Oh, Miller ! such subjects require  
 A muse much more able than mine.

II. 'Twixt

## II.

'Twixt the regions of Humour and Wit,  
 Let Phœbus himself draw the line ;  
 For sooner a hair I could split,  
 Or the Gordian knot sooner untwine.

## III.

" Wit ranges ideas (says Locke)  
 " With propriety, quickness, and grace :"  
 Whilst Humour looks dull as a block,  
 She forces a smile in your face.

## IV.

Bright Wit is the child of the sun,  
 Begot in the blaze of the day ;  
 But Humour's the produce of fun,  
 By twilight, one ev'ning in May.

## V.

Like Dutton \* with beauty and sense,  
 Bright Wit takes the heart by surprize,  
 Leaves no room for doubt or suspense,  
 Such lively rays beam from her eyes.

## VI.

But Humour insensibly steals,  
 And quietly creeps to the heart ;  
 Like Jennings her power conceals,  
 And you feel e'er you see the keen dart.

## VII.

Homer's wit comes on like a torrent,  
 All ages and nations adore it ;  
 But Swift's has a general warrant,  
 To bring Mirth and Laughter before it.

\* Now Mrs. Cook.

## VIII. Bold

## VIII.

Bold Shakespeare's are flashes of wit,  
 As the lightnings dart through the sky ;  
 But Harlequin pleases the pit,  
 Because he's so *waggish* and *fly*.

## IX.

As Bamfylde from Phœbus derives  
 Such power in using the brush ;  
 That with Nature whenever he strives,  
 She modestly yields with a blush.

## X.

So Wit blazes out with such fire,  
 Lays *such* lively tints on the mind,  
 That it paints all her beauties much higher  
 Than in Nature herself you will find.

## XI.

\* A peer with a pencil of Humour

So wrought on mankind by their fears,  
 That they took (no magic could do more)  
*Old women for Swiss grenadiers.*

*On the Difference between*

W I T and H U M O U R.

'T WAS May ; and o'er the cheerful ground  
 Each shrub with blossoms smil'd around,  
 When on the downy lap of earth,  
 Lo ! Twins congenial at a birth

\* Lord Townshend, when an invasion from France was expected, drew a parcel of old women so like a regiment of Swiss guards, that it required a very close inspection to distinguish the difference.

Euphrosyne to Phœbus bore,  
 And seem'd to wish the two were four :  
 Then, seeking titles that might fit,  
 One, *Humour* styled ; the other, *Wit.*  
 The *Muses* in officious haste  
 The natals with their presence graced :  
 While each in flattering speech expres'd  
 The fire and dam supremely bless'd :  
 Their *father* this resembles ; t'other  
 Resembles more his blue-ey'd *mother.*  
 Some few this difference cannot strike ;  
 As eggs, they're both so much alike.  
 Apollo smiled, while *three times three*  
 Thus from each other disagree.  
 In hopes the knotty suit to end,  
 He bids the *Graces* strait attend.

Quick they obey the call divine,  
 And join with speed the tuneful Nine.  
 Yet, what avails this special jury,  
 Pick'd for the cause in such a hurry ?  
 Confounded like their cousin muses,  
 A verdict clear each nymph refuses.  
*Some* difference they discern ; but *where*,  
 They vow 'tis puzzling to declare.  
 Surpris'd, too hard to find the case  
 For every Muse, and every Grace,  
 His sentence, with an awful nod,  
 Utter'd the verse-inspiring god :

“ I marvel much that none can see  
 “ In what these bantlings disagree.

“ Then

" Then hear me, all ye virgin train,  
 " By my prophetic skill explain,  
 " What thus *you* seek but seek in vain :  
 " What in their *face* 'tis hard to find,  
 " I view—the difference of their *mind*.  
 " That little, saucy, prattling chit,  
 " Call'd by his doating mother *Wit*,  
 " With smiling look, and sparkling eye,  
 " And forehead full of gaiety,  
 " Fraught with ideas quaint and new,  
 " And quick conception, known to few ;  
 " With pleasing well-tim'd simile,  
 " And lively, poignant repartee ;  
 " From objects distant and unlike  
 " Shall catch resemblances that strike ;

“ And charm the sense, well-pleased to find  
“ Things varying, still the same in kind :  
“ With harmless, but satyric turn,  
“ In thoughts that speak ; and words that burn ;  
“ Sometimes an epigram shall throw,  
“ Like shaft from Lilliputian bow :  
“ Sometimes, in song or roundelay,  
“ The smart, yet civil thing shall say,  
“ That wounds like painful-pleasing dart  
“ And captivates fair lady’s heart.  
“ Good-natur’d, ’midst his various fallies,  
“ With elegant conceits he rallies,  
“ The head to teach, the heart to mend,  
“ A foe to Vice, and Virtue’s friend.

“ But

" But see ! how different is that other,  
 " You think so like his elder brother !  
 " Cheerful, like *him*, and good, and kind,  
 " He labours to inform the mind,  
 " Its lurking foibles to detect,  
 " Its vicious fancies to correct :  
 " But mark those lineaments of face ;  
 " How full of banter and grimace !  
 " Solemn his air, as though he felt  
 " Scarce butter in his mouth would melt :  
 " Yet the arch stripling all the while  
 " Indulges a continual smile.  
 " On subtle irony, and leer,  
 " The jest polite, and cover'd sneer,  
 " (While few observe him) still intent,  
 " He *says* the thing, that is not *meant*.

" No mimic droll, in Beau or Belle,  
 " Can act a character so well,  
 " And to the man hold up the fool  
 " In all the garb of ridicule:  
 " From *Wit* as distant (though as keen)  
 " As epigram from comic scene.  
 " Yet still the lads, as things may hap,  
 " Shall sometimes wear each other's cap ;  
 " And *Wit* perchance for *Humour* pâs :  
 " *Humour* in turn shall take the glass,  
 " To see what likeness *he* can hit ;  
 " And how he apes his brother *Wit*.  
 " But soon shall each his fault confess,  
 " Each soon resume his proper dress.  
 " Already can my prospect trace,  
 " When each shall boast a numerous race,

“ This, of *Molières*; of *Butlers*, that:  
 “ Each pleasing with his lively chat;  
 “ Yet each from each as wide asunder,  
 “ As winds and tempests are from thunder;  
 “ No more alike, than song to rant is;  
 “ Than Parson *Swift* to Don *Cervantes*.

“ Take then, ye *Muses*, take these boys,  
 “ And soon complete their parents' joys :  
 “ Teach them to utter, as they mean :  
 “ No thought be clumsy, or unclean.  
 “ Then, ere they learn their *awkward* paces,  
 “ Consign them to the Sister *Graces* :  
 “ Let *them* with speed as *you* began,  
 “ Finish the well-digested plan :  
 “ For what is *Humour*, *Wit*, or *Face* ;  
 “ If either's nurs'd without a *Grace*? ”

*The Difference between*

## W I T and H U M O U R.

## AMINTA to FLORIO.

AMINTA.

**T**HE difference, Florio, point me out  
 'Twixt real Wit and Humour ;  
 Remove at once each wavering doubt  
 That grows on public rumour.

Say, which can boast the better half,  
 Life's sorrows to beguile ?  
 Or why, with Humour sure to laugh,  
 Wit only makes us smile.

FLORIO.

## FLORIO.

In that the playful child we trace,

This is of manlier kind ;

One claims the empire of the face,

The other of the mind.

The tale well told, the light-spun jest,

The imitative vein,

From Humour still impart the zest

To Frolic's jocund reign.

In Wit, ideas well combin'd

Just images create ;

We taste a joy of different kind,

More poignant, less elate.

So when two heroes of the stage,  
 With rival passion strove,  
 Each crowded audience to engage  
 The test of Romeo's love.

To Barry shouts of loud applause  
 Came thundering on the ear ;  
 To Garrick, true to Nature's cause,  
 Her tribute was a tear.

---

### Subject, H O P E.

By — HOME, Esq. of St. John's College, Oxford.

**N**URSE of the sorrowing heart ! to thee I bow,  
 Accept the tribute of my willing vow,  
 Direct my erring step, O maid divine,  
 O Hope, and lead me to thy hallow'd shrine !

To

To thee, meet emblem of a nymph so fair,  
 A sprig of faithful evergreen I bear ;  
 More gay, more constant, than the roses bloom,  
 More fragrant than the jas'mine's rich perfume.

In humblest strain I woo thee, gentle Hope,  
 Haply on some bare cliff's aspiring top,  
 You still expect the imprison'd zephyr's wing,  
 And distant hail the tardy ling'ring Spring.

Warm'd by thy genial aid and vital pow'r,  
 Untir'd I bear stern Winter's blighting hour ;  
 By thee my eager mind, distinct and clear,  
 Anticipates the rich and melting year.

Already

**Already Fancy paints th' ideal scene—**  
**The teeming earth regains her lively green ;**  
**Fair Nature animates her faded form,**  
**Again in youth serene, in beauty warm.**

**No more shall Cherwell\*** rend his sedgy crown  
**To see his waters flow polluted down :**  
**No more, while green-hair'd nymphs around her mourn,**  
**Shall I<sup>fs</sup>\* droop upon her tarnish'd urn.**

**These are thy blessings, Hope, O maid benign,**  
**Of pow'r, to bid the Summer sun to shine,**  
**Though Winter's winds the face of Nature tear,**  
**And rudely desolate the sinking year.**

\* The *Cherwell* and *I<sup>fs</sup>* are two rivers at Oxford.

Yet

Yet still, fair Hope, I ask a brighter scene !  
 Be Graces, Virtues, in thy mirror seen ;  
 Paint life, paint health, paint honour in my view,  
 And Oh ! may Time proclaim *thy picture true.*

---

## H O P E. A R I D D L E.

O'ER all the world my empire does extend,  
 And while that lasts my reign will never end ;  
 By all I'm lov'd, and almost all deceive,  
 Yet when I promise *next*, they all believe :  
 To heaven I lead, but must not enter there,  
 In hell I cannot *be*, earth is my sphere ;  
 If yet in vain you study for my name,  
 Search your own heart for there I surely *am.*

## BOUTS RIMÉES.

**F**AIR Hope! how much does it behove  
 The man, that would life's sweets improve,  
 From anxious cares to clear his brow,  
 And raise to thee his ardent vow?  
 Thee, goddess, thee I'll still adore,  
 My peace when wounded to restore.  
 My ruffled breast, if thou but calm,  
 Then seize who will the victor's palm:  
 And 'mid life's sunshine, or its shower,  
 I'll rest on thee, heart-cheering power.

PANDORA;

## PANDORA;

OR,

*The ORIGIN of HOPE.*

By — SCHAUMBERG, Esq; jun.

**A**S Authors write, in days of yore,  
 Three thousand years ago or more,  
 When Vice was little understood,  
 And people were so *wondrous* good,  
 That through the world you scarce could meet  
 A place like Newgate or the Fleet ;  
 For Beauty and for Wit renown'd,  
 The toast of all the country round,  
 There dwelt a young engaging dame,  
 And fair Pandora was her name.

(A name indeed which sounds antique  
 Because 'tis borrow'd from the Greek,)  
 But shew me now one modern Belle  
 That can Pandora's charms excel.—  
 So fam'd she was, that ev'ry god  
 Some mark of favour had bestow'd,  
 And left unlawful hands should foil it,  
 Plac'd constant guard around her toilet ;  
 On which was laid, for shew or smell,  
 Each necessary *Bagatelle*.  
 But here 'twere endless to relate 'em ;  
 Pins, powder, patches, and pomatum :  
 Each essence too had Madam got  
 From lavender to *burgamot* ;  
 And some with whom she was acquainted,  
 Declar'd in private, Miss was painted.

From Heav'n in truth her colour came,  
 So she you know was **not to blame.**——  
 A box there was (thus runs the fable)  
 By far the neatest on the table,  
 Which Venus there one evening laid,  
 (For Venus was a cunning jade)  
 And envious of her high condition  
 Gave poor Pandora this commiffion :

“ Within this box a secret lies  
 “ Conceal'd with care from human eyes ;  
 “ Whose dark contents when once resign'd,  
 “ Will prove destruction to mankind.  
 “ Then keep them close be sure : and try  
 “ To guard 'gainst curiosity.”

This said. Away the goddess flew.

Pandora curtsey'd, and withdrew.

But from the window, first of all,

She watch'd her o'er the garden wall,

And saw her (for she'd cause to doubt her)

Wrap a dark cloak of clouds about her.—

Now quite secure, away she flew,

Again the heav'ly gift to view.

“ In this same box there something odd is

“ I'm sure, and faith I smoke the goddess.

“ She envies me my happy station,

“ And feign would hurt my reputation :

“ But since no mortal eye has seen us

“ I'll cross your cunning, Madam Venus,

“ And soon these dark contents I'll see.”

With this she seiz'd a master key,

And op'd the box ; when out there flew

A strange unfeeming motley crew ;

Such as Pandora well might stare at ;

The refuse of a Grubstreet garret.

Ill-natur'd Satire stood the first,

(Of ev'ry evil sure the worst)

Vile Authors too whole legions led,

With *scribbling Momus* at their head.—

The hideous sight she could not bear,

But funk into an elbow chair,

There lay as flat as any flounder,

With all these evils group'd around her :

But waking from her first amazement,

She sent them packing through the casement ;

Nor car'd a rush whoe'er had got 'em,

So she had something left at bottom.—

Away again, as swift as wind,  
 She ran to see if nought behind  
 Might still be left to give her pleasure ;  
 For sure the box must hold *some* treasure !  
 " Well ! now the goddess has prov'd kind  
 " I vow (she cries), for see behind  
 " A precious jewel still remains !  
 " I'll take it, for 'tis honest gains."  
 But stooping low to snatch it up,  
 She found it was a spark of *Hope*,  
 And saw at last, to her vexation,  
 That *Hope* had baulk'd her expectation.

## ODE TO HOPE.

## I.

SWEET Hope ! thou pleasing inmate of the breast !

Parent of joy and source of rest !

Thy gracious power and gentle sway

The universal world obey.

Thou to the sorrowing heart can'st peace bestow,

And give the wretch a respite from his woe !

But not on life alone thy pleasures wait :

Thy beams illumine the dark hour of fate,

And light the spirits as they fly

To taste the bliss that lives above the sky !

To thee, the grateful vow I pay,

When the sun gilds the opening day !

And when the shades of Eve prevail,

Thy praises float upon the gale !

Sweet nurse of joy, where'er I go,

Where'er I'm doom'd to stray,

Along the dreary vale of woe,

O lead me on my way !

While lightnings flash and thunders roar,

And the hoarse billows lash the shore ;

Amid the elemental strife,

Protect me from the ills of life !

Daughter of Heaven !—hear my prayer,

And save me from the pangs of black despair !

## II.

See,—where she rises from her iron bed !

The gaping adders hissing round her head.

Now

Now with solemn step she goes  
 Brooding o'er her many woes ;  
 And now she starts with wild dismay,  
 As if some horrid vision cross'd her way.  
 Around her blood-stain'd eyes she throws,  
 That speak the terrors of her tortur'd soul ?  
 Aghast—she hears the distant thunders roll :  
 Vengeance pursues !—with winged speed she flies  
 I hear her shrieks,—I hear her yelling cries !  
 Vengeance pursues,—she flies in vain :  
 Lash'd by the scourge of unrelenting pain,  
 From yonder lofty cliff she darts into the main !

## III.

Despair is fled !—within the troubled wave,  
 The hasty *demon* finds a treacherous grave.—

Come

Come then, sweet Hope, to my enraptur'd sight,

In flowing robe of azure bright !

And let me o'er thy mantle cast

Roses that will for ever last :—

Not those that, in the vernal bower,

Display the beauties of an hour,

*But such as from AMELIA's hand receive*

*The lasting charms her magic art can give !*

Come then, sweet Hope, and smile upon my strain !

But ah !—the wish were vain !

That round my brow the honour'd wreath might  
twine,

And *Miller's* voice proclaim the triumph mine !

To

## To H O P E.

— DAVIS, Esq;

O THOU whose sweetly pleasing sway,  
 Our willing hearts with joy obey,  
 O Hope ! my prayer attend :  
 The prayer of one whose tortur'd heart,  
 Pierc'd by afflictions sharpest dart,  
 Finds Thee its only friend.

'Midst all the pangs which rend my breast  
 And long have robb'd my soul of rest,  
 On Thee I still rely ;  
 For Heav'n in mercy sent Thee here  
 And bade Thee wipe the bitter tear  
 That streams from Sorrow's eye.

O'er all mankind Thy care extends ;  
 Thy balm the guilty wretch defends,  
 From madness, and despair :  
 To stop stern Justice in her course,  
 Thou teachest him the wond'rous force,  
 Of penitence, and prayer.

Virtue by tyrant pow'r oppress'd,  
 Friendless, afflicted, and distress'd,  
 By Thee is taught to rise ;  
 And, conscious of her heav'nly birth,  
 To scorn the narrow bounds of earth,  
 And claim her kindred skies,

'Tis

'Tis Thine to pierce the dismal gloom,  
 Where Sorrow weeps o'er Friendship's tomb,  
 And hail that happy shore,  
 Where Pleasure shall for ever reign,  
 Where virtuous love unites again,  
 And friends shall part no more.

'Midst tort'ring racks, and scorching fires,  
 The hero whom Thy voice inspires,  
 In conscious virtue brave ;  
 Triumphanty resigns his breath,  
 And plucks the sting from vanquish'd death,  
 The vict'ry from the grave.

Oh may Thy kind, Thy gentle pow'r,  
 Sustain me in that dreadful hour,  
 When Nature shrinks aghast ;  
 When Death's cold hand these eyes shall close,  
 And my long pilgrimage of woes,  
 Shall have an end at last.

When the pale lamp of life expires,  
 When Reason calm, and Fancy's fires  
 Have left my panting breast ;  
 Oh still my lovely Cherub stay,  
 And bear my parting soul away,  
 To realms of endless rest.

## To H O P E.

## I.

**W**HAT dreary prospects meets the eye,  
 How dismal howls the western wind,  
 What storms deface the azure sky,  
 And, ah ! what terrors seize the mind.  
 Say, to illume this gloomy scene,  
 Will no kind power its aid impart ?  
 Yes, Hope, she comes sweet soothing queen :  
 See through the shades her radiance dart,  
 And pours a balsam on the drooping heart.

## II. She

## II.

She in smiling future shows  
 Vernal meads and valleys gay,  
 Where the modest violet blows,  
 And laughing Nature gives the May,  
 And Summer's blythsome dewy eve,  
 When careless to the grove we stray,  
 Where jas'mines, woodbines interweave,  
 While Eglantine syringas gay,  
 And fragrance-breathing roses strew the way.

## III.

Sweet Hope, whose magic o'er the soul,  
 Alike the king and peasant find,  
 All join to bless thy soft controul,  
 Thou *firſt best* friend of human kind ;

Chas'd

Chas'd by thy smiles flies Care and Pain,  
 And pining Love and black Despair,  
 The rosy cherubs of thy train  
 Are Pleasure, Joy, and Fancy fair,  
 And jocund Mirth, sweet antidote to Care.

## IV.

I woo the goddess to my heart,  
 Oh deign to be a constant guest,  
 Thy gentle soothing smiles impart,  
 Throw by thy light fantastic dress,  
 Thy glowing tints shall paint each scene  
 That on life's toilsome stage appears,  
 Thy magic glass shall intervene,  
 And shield me from low thoughted cares,  
 Till all my *days*, my *hours*, thy livery wears.

G

Subject,

X

## Subject, HARMONY.

HENCE, loathed Discord, hence,  
 Pois'ning the soul with thy unlovely din,  
 That first was heard within  
 Rude caves, 'midst beings of perturbed sense.  
 Fly to some drear abode,  
 Where neither sun, nor moon, nor lively green,  
 Have ever yet been seen——  
 There whilst the pale inhabitants of hell  
 Shrink at each hideous yell,  
 O'er the grine found Darkness himself shall brood.  
 But hail, thou goddess fair and free !  
 Hail, divinest Harmony !  
 By whose magic power of old  
 Such feats were done, in story told——

As when the mariners who bore  
 Arion from th' Italian shore,  
 Check'd for a while their dark desire,  
 List'ning to his rapt'rous lyre.

Meantime along the glassy wave  
 The sea-born nymphs were seen to lave,  
 Sleek Panope herself from far  
 Smoothly gliding in her car ;  
 Till the charm'd dolphin playing round  
 The gilded ship in sportive bound,  
 Tam'd by the wonder-working strain  
 Convey'd him o'er the watry plain.

Or as when Orpheus swept the string,  
 The nodding groves were heard to ring,  
 And beasts, as if with sense endu'd,  
 In fix'd amazement round him stood—

Come, thou hidden power divine,  
And with thee, thy sisters join,  
Ravishing Diversion bring,  
Quaver sweetly vibrating,  
Concord that raps the soul to joy  
Breathing Peace without alloy,  
Music floating on the air,  
Echo, that delights to bear  
The linked sweetness round and round,  
Till Silence steal the dying sound.  
O that those other of thy train  
Might join their high immortal strain,  
Who on the golden orbs attend,  
Harmonizing, as they bend  
Their various mazes, and fulfil  
The Great Creator's perfect will.

But

But from this vesture of decay  
 Those saintly sounds are borne away,  
 In visionary flights alone  
 To the dreaming poet known,  
 Who from the steep of echoing hill  
 Of Contemplation takes his fill,  
 While forgetful Fancy to his ears  
 Conveys the music of the spheres.—  
 Thee, blest Enchantress, may I find,  
 To soothe the cares that rend my mind,  
 When pale Misfortune round me throws  
 The sharpen'd sense of real woes ;  
 Whether untimely death devour  
 The prosp'rous hopes and blooming flower  
 Of some lov'd friend, whose worth and truth  
 Hath bless'd my studious hour of youth ;

Or med'cine fail at length to save  
An honour'd parent from the grave.  
  
But oh thy healing balm impart,  
Should Love invade my easy heart,  
If melting strains, like thine, can move  
A power so near ally'd as Love.  
  
Or when imagin'd ills oppress  
Breeding self-harming heaviness,  
That nurses with indulgent folly  
The surly spirit Melancholy,  
And, still unsocial, loves to brood  
O'er pale and sickly Solitude.  
  
If in such dark and gloomy day  
Thy sun may chase the mists away,  
A moment yield compos'd relief,  
And still the turbulence of Grief.

Oh

Oh may I ever haunt thy bower,  
 And duly hail thy magic power,  
 Bending, celestial Harmony,  
 Sweet daughter of the sphere, to thee.

---

### The P O W E R S of HARMONY.

#### A n   O D E .

##### I.

N YMPHS of the sacred hill ! to you belong  
 The grace and energy of song !  
 And while your praises I rehearse,  
 O deign to smile upon my verse ;  
 Whether by *Aganippe's* fount you stray  
 Or take your favourite way

Beneath the fir-crown'd mountain's side  
 Where *Avon* rolls its fullen tide :  
 For oft you leave *Pierian* well,  
 To seek fair *Easton*'s \* happy grove,  
 The seat of Harmony and Love,  
 Where Taste, and Elegance, and *Miller* dwell.

## II.

Sure, 'tis an heavenly voice that sings !  
 Some hand immortal sweeps the strings !  
 To *Jesse*'s lyre the magic notes belong :  
 He sings—and lo !—the powerful song  
 Make's *Israel*'s king affrighted stand :  
 The javelin trembles in his nerveless hand ;  
 And Vengeance, weaken'd by the dulcet strain,  
 Strives to strike,—but strikes in vain !

\* Bath-Easton *Villa*.

Each

Each haughty passion in the monarch's breast,

Hides its head and sinks to rest,

Again he strikes the lyre !

The slumbering tyrants of the heart

Spread their black wings and quick depart :

While the pleasing sounds inspire,

A purer flame,—a gentler fire !

### III.

But hark !—I hear a loud, tumultuous strain

Rise on the breezes of the western main !

From *Mona's* heights, the *Druid* throng

Strike on their harps the dying song

Of Liberty :—th' arousing sounds inspire

Their hallow'd bosoms with impetuous fire !

Enrag'd,

Engag'd, they hurry to the war  
 Where Death opposes in his scythed car,  
 Their madd'ning fury scorns to fear  
 Th' uplifted sword,—the hissing spear,  
 The grisly warrior they defy ;  
 They liv'd for freedom and for freedom die !  
 They strike their harps in death !—the awful sound  
     Spreads havoc and confusion round !  
 Beside their harps the mangled forms remain,  
 To glut the vulture and pollute the plain !

## IV.

Why, gentle Shepherd, on the mountain's brow  
 With dangerous footsteps dost thou love to go ?  
 Careless where thy flocks do stray,  
 Why dost thou sometimes take the dubious way  
     Within

Within the thorny tanglings of the wood,  
 Or where the willow weeps beside the flood ?  
 Has *Amaryllis'* voice thy bosom charm'd,  
 And all thy tender feelings warm'd  
 With anxious love and soft desire ?  
 Return, thou pensive swain, the amorous fire  
 O make the reed declare thy flame,  
 And teach the echoes *Amaryllis'* name !  
 Thy notes shall steal into her breast  
 And, with their soft'ning power, controul  
 The secret wishes of her soul !  
 O let her hear thy tender strain !  
 Lur'd by the sound she'll quit the plain ;  
 She'll soon like thee, devoid of rest,  
 Stray 'mid the tanglings of the wood,  
 Or where the willow weeps beside the flood :

**Thy**

Thy warblings sweet will her fond passion move ;  
 And bend her alter'd soul to thee and love !

## V.

O turn not thine attentive ear  
 To those sweet sounds, thou lovely boy !  
 Those pleasing sounds 'tis death to hear ;  
 They only soothe you to destroy !  
 'Tis *Circe* sings,—to tempt you to her bower :  
 There hath she scatter'd every sweetest flower :  
 But 'midst the flowers do poisonous adders lie,  
 And her enchanting bowers but lead to infamy !  
 Turn, turn thine eyes to where yon circling train  
 Enjoy the pleasures of the plain !  
 Go join their dance,—go join their song ;  
 With them the festive hours prolong

In

In harmless sports and merry glee,  
 To sound of rural minstrelsy !  
 Their pleasures Virtue doth attend ;  
 For Pleasure there is Virtue's friend !

## VI.

The passions rise—again they die  
 By the power of Harmony !  
 The soft lute soothes the lover's pains !  
 The trumpet sounds in martial strains ;  
 And lo ! the veteran, mark'd with many a scar,  
 Hastes impatient to the war :  
 While to the pealing *choir* 'tis given  
 To raise th' enraptur'd soul to heaven !

## VII. Here

## VII.

**Here cease my simple lyre !**

**Let other bards to nobler heights aspire !**

**Let them, with bolder pinion, try**

**To trace the course of that fix'd Harmony**

**Which Nature, all obedient, hears ;**

**Which marks the day and marks the hour,**

**Commands the ocean's wave, directs the spheres,**

**And through creation bears the heavenly power !**

**I only strike the sounding shell,**

**In poor and in expressive verse, to tell**

**That Music's power can controul**

**The passions of the human soul :**

**That all the grace and harmony of song**

**To Miller's polish'd mind belong !**

## On the POWERS of HARMONY.

Miss DAVIS.

HAIL, soft Extasy divine !

Parent of the tuneful Nine ;

Power supreme, who can controul

Each varying passion of the soul :

Can fire with rage, can pity move,

Or melt the frozen heart to love :

Thy modulations can impart

Each transport to the feeling heart ;

E'en fiercest beasts thy power to show

Their wildness leave and gentle grow :

While the flocks that graze the land,

Hush'd in mute attention stand :

All

All universal spirit tell  
 Chiefly where thou deign'st to dwell :  
 Shall I court thee in the glade,  
 Where zephyrs whisper through the shade ?  
 While from every vernal spray  
 The feather'd songsters chaunt their lay,  
 Till Echo catch the dullest sound,  
 And softly sweet the notes rebound ;  
 While the fountain bubbling near  
 Seems to say thou reignest there.  
 No, 'tis at *Miller's* polish'd seat,  
 Where *Wit*, and *Taste*, and *Genius* meet ;  
 Where every Muse has chose to rove,  
 And every Grace that tempts to love :  
 When thus encircled she appears,  
 And sweetly charms our list'ning ears

With

With sounds that equal Phœbus' lyre,  
 And can the coldest breast inspire :  
 'Tis *there* sweet Harmony we own  
 Thou reign'st triumphantly alone.

---

## HAPPINESS.

By the Rev. Mr. JENNER.

O THOU our first and chiefest care,  
 The object of each wish and prayer,  
 The end we all pursue,  
 How shall I trace thy secret road ?  
 Where find thy ever blest abode,  
 Reveal'd, alas ! to few ?

H

Can

**Can Wealth or Power thy favour claim ?**

**Can Virtue or exalted Fame**

**Obtain thy smile or love ?**

**Shall I pursue thee to the cell**

**Where venerable Hermits dwell**

**In cool sequestered grove ?**

**Art thou (O tell me) to be found**

**Amidst gay Pleasure's giddy round**

**That Mirth and Joy entwine ?**

**Or dost thou place thy blissful seat**

**In Solitude's belov'd retreat,**

**Thou plant of seed divine ?**

Shall

Shall giddy Youth, or silver Age,

Thy envied *Proteus form* engage,

Or subtle Science please ?

Or dost thou shun the learned stores

Enraptur'd Knowledge still explores,

For Indolence and Ease ?

Or dost thou rather fill thy throne

In the contented mind alone

Which Truth and Honour guide ?

I see thee in thy beauties drest,

In Virtue's lovely form confess,

Associate by thy side.



Then let me rest and here reveal  
Th' unerring dictate which I feel,  
And each alike may find ;  
That Happiness to all is known,  
Who seek with humble heart the boon,  
To no one spot confin'd.

---

Subject, H A P P I N E S S.

By — A—K—N—N, Esq;

O H, Happiness ! thou much desired good,  
So seldom found, so little understood ;  
Thy power, resistless, all the world obey,  
And every beating bosom owns thy sway :  
For thee, the merchant quits the bed of ease,  
And tempts the dangers of the wintry seas ;

In

In hopes that you, sweet nymph, may come at last;

And well reward him for his labours past;

But, ah ! how vain are all his air-built schemes,

New hopes still rise, and disappoint his aims.

The statesman, anxious to acquire a name,

Thinks to possess thee in the breath of fame ;

Through the false medium of ambition sees,

And at each step he rises hopes for ease ;

But still, some higher step that must be gain'd

Poisons the sweets of all he has obtain'd.

Then say, thou sweet enslaver of the mind,

Thou fairy dream, thou being undefin'd,

Where may we hope thy bless'd abode to find ? }

Can Wealth, which rules mankind with tyrant sway,

With all its boasted powers procure thy stay ?

Can it relieve the sorrow-smitten heart,  
 Or from infirmity bid pain depart ?  
 Alas ! the sons of fortune all will own,  
 That cares invade the softest beds of down :  
 Since then, not Wealth, with all its gaudy train,  
 Can the wish'd lot of Happiness obtain ;  
 Grant me, ye powers, that I may pass my life,  
 Far from the madding crowd's tumultuous strife ;  
 In some lone spot, where, unrestrain'd by art,  
 Luxuriant Nature may her charms impart ;  
 Far mov'd from dissipation's giddy round,  
 For Happiness is there but seldom found :  
 Bless'd with a wife, the mistress of my breast,  
 In whose fond bosom all my cares may rest :  
 Let her possess a tender, feeling mind,  
 By sweetest sensibility refin'd :

An

An heart, that can with sympathetic glow  
 Share in a brother's joy, a brother's woe :  
 A temper even, and a judgment clear,  
 Gentle as Zephyrs, and as Truth sincere.  
 Let fortune then a competence bestow,  
 Neither profusely great, nor meanly low ;  
 Enough to answer simple Nature's ends,  
 And share our blessings with some chosen friends :  
 From each year's income we'll confign a part,  
 To soothe the sorrows of the suff'ring heart :  
 To wipe affliction from the widow's eye,  
 Or feed the hungry poor that wanders by :  
 And when our store denies the pow'r to give,  
 We'll pity then the wretch we can't relieve.  
 Thus cheaply blefs'd, unknowing care or strife,  
 With Delia and my friends I'd pass my life :

And if at length of Happiness I miss,  
 Foil'd in those scenes of fondly-fancied bliss ;  
 With grief I'll lay the dear delusion down,  
 And dying, seek for her in worlds unknown.

---

## Subject, B E A U T Y.

## I.

BEAUTY's the theme, and Chloe bids me sing.  
 Beauty's a frail and fading thing,  
 It shines the meteor of an hour.  
 Yet whilst it lasts, the great, the small,  
 The rich, the poor, *the short, and tall,*  
 Confess the pretty Tyrant's power.

## II. But

## II.

But Chloe, beautiful and young,  
 Though fairer than the fairest ever sung,  
 Fail'd of that heart she wish'd to take.  
 Her forward carriage, Heaven be praised !  
 Subdu'd that flame her beauty raised,  
 And soon proclaim'd her for a rake.

## III.

Know, Chloe, 'tis not a coquetish air,  
 But Virtue, stamps the merit of the fair,  
 The same to-morrow as to-day.  
 With modesty denied to thee,  
 With goodness (ah, too good for me !)  
 Thus —— bore my heart away.

## IV. She,

## IV.

**She, harmless Nymph, with cautious fear,  
Suspects the offering of a heart sincere.**

**I wish my fairest would but try me.  
For her I must for ever pray,  
With her I could for ever stay,  
And careless let the world go by me.**

---

## On BEAUTY.

By the Rev. Mr. GR—v—s.

**B**EAUTY the theme,—the vocal string  
Once more I tune thy power to sing.  
But—can a day, a vacant hour,  
Suffice to sing fair Beauty's power,

Whose

Whose praises have adorn'd the page  
 Of every Bard, of every Sage,  
 Ambitious to possess the bays,  
 From Plato's and from Homer's days ?

Mysterious source of love and joy !  
 What daring *tropes* shall I employ,  
 What glowing tints thy charms to dress ?  
 Which, ah ! I feel, but can't express.

E'er rising from the purled main,  
 The Loves and Graces in her train,  
 Bright Venus claim'd thee for her *own* \*,  
 Through Nature's works thy power was known.

• The Queen of Beauty.

In

In evening clouds of flaming gold,  
Beauty enthron'd in state behold !  
  
Or with the dewy morning rise  
Resplendent from the Orient skies,  
  
Awful she rules those orbs of light,  
That glittering deck the wintry night :  
  
Nor with superior lustre glows  
In the chaste lily or the rose.

In works of art, her power the same,  
Assuming fair *Proportion's* name,  
  
The marble column's stately height  
And swelling dome enchant our sight.

But,

But, in the dance see Delia \* move !

Majestic as the Queen of Love.

There Beauty's charms complete appear,

Her various powers are centred there.

How vain are all the toils of art

To decorate each lovely part,

Where, Nature's gift, her charming soul

Pervades and animates the whole !

With brilliant gems from India's mines,

Her ivory neck encircled shines.

With lawn and lace her bosom veil'd,

Ten thousand charms there lie conceal'd :

Her robe with richest foliage blooms !

The glory of the British looms !

\* The Author probably means either Lady A ——, Mrs. B ——,  
Miss C ——, or Miss D ——

Delia,

**Delia,** thus pompously trick'd out,  
**We** think her *beautiful* no doubt :  
**But** oh ! remove that veil of dress,  
**And** *Beauty's* self our eyes would bles<sup>s</sup>.

April 14, 1774.

*Induitur formosa est, exuitur ipsa forma.*

---

Subject, B E A U T Y.

On seeing Miss HAYWOOD in the Gardens at  
 Bath-Easton Villa.

**T**HE Goddess of Beauty with exquisite pain,  
 Was sought for by Cupid, but sought for in vain,  
 When thus the blind urchin proclaim'd in the streets,  
 Whoever the beautiful wanderer meets,

And

And will give an account of the place where she is,

The greatest reward I can give shall be his :

To the form I describe your attention bestow,

And I'm sure you my mother from thousands will know ;

For the charms of her face and a glance of her eyes,

In spite of indifference, forces surprise.

Ten thousand soft beauties appear in her form,

The Graces themselves do each action adorn,

What painter can draw or poet express,

The elegant neatness and ease of her dress :

Ambitious to gain the Blind Boy on my side,

To what he had said thus with joy I reply'd :

Oh Cupid ! sweet God, whom I've always ador'd,

Fair Venus shall soon to your arms be restor'd,

For by your ~~description~~ (unless it deceives)

I'm sure I can tell where the Goddess now is.

I lead him to *Miller's*, and there in the grove,  
 I shew'd (as I thought her) the Goddess of Love.  
 How great was his wonder, how much his surprise,  
 When first he beheld fair *Haywood's* bright eyes ;  
 He gaz'd on each feature, and study'd each grace  
 Which added fresh lustre, and charms to her face.  
 Is't possible, Heavens ! with raptures, he cry'd,  
 There can be such beauty, untainted with pride.  
 Though you've been in an error, fond mortal, he said,  
 Yet still all my losses are amply repaid :  
 In search of my mother, in vain I may rove,  
 Then henceforth be *Haywood* the Goddess of Love.

WHAT

## WHAT IS BEAUTY?

B  
EAUTY ! thou unexhausted theme,  
 Fantastic visionary name,  
 To clime or subject unconfin'd,  
 The sportive produce of the mind,  
 Capricious object of our love,  
 As passion or as fancy move,  
 What e'er thy essence men obey,  
 An all respectful homage pay.

The Lover sighs for charms divine,  
 And bends at lovely Delia's shrine ;  
 His incense offers to the fair,  
 And consecrates perfection there ;

I

The

The Miser views it in his pelf,  
 The Macaroni in himself,  
 And sees with rapture in his glass  
 The trifling gaudy image pass.

Another his conclusion draws  
 From Nature, and from Nature's laws ;  
 Transported, views the rosy morn,  
 Each flower, and dew-bespangled thorn,  
 The golden glories of the field,  
 That Ceres and Pomona yield.

Newton and Ferguson agree  
 'Tis center'd in Philosophy,  
 In Optics, Fluids, Vegetation,  
 In Motion, and in Gravitation ;  
 While Fancy takes a different course,  
 And Sportsmen *deify* a horse.

What's Beauty then, since all the prize  
 As Fancy dictates analyse?  
 Ladies, attend whilst I unveil  
 The secret moral of the tale :  
 Though in external objects seen,  
 Yet seek the real gem within :  
 In *Virtue* 'tis best understood :  
 'Tis *Truth*, 'tis *Moral Rectitude*.

---

The PLEASURES of Town compared  
 with those of the COUNTRY.

Oxon, Feb. 27, 1775.

**L**E T others love, at early morn,  
 To rouse the deer with hound and horn ;

Or, levelling with certain aim,  
 Arrest with death the flying game ;  
 Or, to avoid the sultry heat  
 Of Phœbus, to some bower retreat,  
 And in a fragrant myrtle grove  
 Pipe forth soft sonnets to their love ;  
 Or in mild eve delight to stray  
 Through verdant ranks of new-mown hay ;  
 And when the arbitress of night,  
 Pale *Luna*, pours her radiant light,  
 Wander through the friendly shade  
 To some distant woodland glade,  
 Where *Phœbus* adown the vale  
 Sweetly pours her plaintive tale ;  
 Or listen with serene delight  
 To the solemn bird of night.—

To me such scenes no joy impart,  
 These with no transport warm my heart ;  
 For can the straw-roof'd cot or cell  
 Where humble peasants solely dwell,  
 Exceed what art commands to rise—  
 Structures high pointed to the skies ?  
 Or say—Can brown *Buxoma* vie  
 With *Belinda's* piercing eye ?  
 Or can *Blouzelind* compare  
 With *Clara*, fairest of the fair ?—  
 Let those who vulgar beauties prize  
 Above the charms of *Celia's* eyes,  
 From joys of Town afar retire  
 To taste the sweets which they inspire,  
 And with *Sparabella* rove  
 Through the verdant bow'r and grove ;—

But rather would I wish to stray  
 Where softer Beauty leads the way,  
 Where *Chloe's* lips distil perfume,  
 And *Delia's* eyes pronounce our doom :  
 Where *Venus* and the *Graces* meet—  
 (Perchance at *Miller's* gay RETREAT,  
 Where Mirth and sprightly Wit attend,  
 And court their PATRONESS and FRIEND :)—  
 Else led by Beauty's winning call  
 To view the *Graces* at a ball,  
 On swiftest wings of love I mount  
 Once more to visit *Bladud's* fount ;  
 Here, encircled by the fair,  
 Let my frequent steps repair ;  
 Here let me enamour'd view  
 Fragrant lips of rosy hue,

And

And imbibe, with aching heart,  
 The pleasing pain of *Cupid's* dart—  
 Then let those, whom Fancy leads  
 To cragged rocks, and verdant meads,  
 Or to deep and darksome cells  
 Where pensive Contemplation dwells,  
 Unenvy'd wander ever free  
 (**BEAUTY** has greater charms for me).

Kings may rule with awful sway,  
 While the list'ning tribes obey ;  
 Princes may unenvy'd reign,  
 If with *Celia* I remain ;  
 If with her alone I rove,  
 All is Extasy and Love.

To Mrs. MILLER.

The PLEASURES of the TOWN and  
COUNTRY compared.

JAMES BURGESS, Esq;

Subject, *Acrostic*; and *Bouts Rimées*.

B	left Queen of Easton's happy bowers, ah hear !	
A	bSENT I sigh, and wish myself more	near.
T	hy wit, thy charms, by rival poets	sung
H	ave sages pleas'd, and fir'd the ardent	young.
E	xtatic joys reside beneath thy	shade,
A	bove those shows which courtly pomp has made.	
S	till may kind Fate your tuneful band	defend,
T	he world to charm, and Genius to	befriend :
O	h ! may each Belle more lovely still	appear,
N	or e'er delights of Town like your's	endear.

## Subject, CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

By — DIGBY, Esq;

**I**N our forefathers rude but honest days,  
 When Mirth sincere, though homely, had its praise ;  
 E'er Christmas pies and puddings were disgrac'd,  
 Or Hospitality grew out of taste ;  
 This was the season when, with hearty cheer,  
 They grateful crown'd the labours of the year :  
 Profusion deck'd each hospitable board,  
 Plenty, not elegance, was then the word :  
 With *huge sirleins* the loaded tables groan'd,  
 And Britain's sons their country's glory own'd :  
 The spacious hall with sacred garland's dreft,  
 Welcom'd sincere each uninvited guest ;

Mirth

Mirth then shone bright in every rustic face,  
 And heighten'd Nature's unaffected grace.  
 The comely maid, of rural beauties vain,  
 The pride and envy of the village train,  
 Her glossy locks, with gaudy ribbands drest,  
 That in loose ringlets wanton'd on her breast ;  
 Her cheeks the bloom of health alone adorn'd,  
 Nor then was Nature's RUDDIER PENCIL scorn'd.  
 Yet was her form set off with every art  
 Which country luxury could then impart :  
 Not negligent in dress, but, taught by Love,  
 She knew full well each beauty to improve ;  
 For Love alone can every grace supply,  
 And add new lustre to the brightest eye.  
 'Twas Love, not Fortune, led her early feet,  
 At morning's dawn, the favour'd swain to meet :

The

The ominous kiss, beneath the hallow'd bough,  
 Confirm'd the happy Colin's plighted vow.  
  
 In feasts and jocund sports they pass'd the day,  
 And Winter's tedious hours beguil'd away.  
  
 Their tables cover'd with substantial cheer,  
 And crown'd with cans of stout October beer,  
 And the rich nectar of the wassel bowl,  
 Whose spicy draughts inspir'd the dullest soul.  
  
 With pipe and tabor's animating sound,  
 And fiddles harsher notes the walls resound.  
  
 Sudden, with awkward step, the swains advance,  
 And buxom maidens lead the artless dance.  
  
 Dancing was then by Nature only taught,  
 E'er sage professors had from Gallia brought  
 The *Balance*, the *Pas de Rigadon*,  
 And all the mazes of the *Cotillon*.

Their

Their joys were simple, to their manners fit,  
 Their laugh was loud, and rather coarse their wit.  
 No modern arts of luxury they knew,  
 Though few their pleasures, yet their wants were few.

Yet let not fondness for these ancient days  
 Deny to modern times their share of praise :  
 Science extended, Wit and Taste refin'd,  
 And all the great improvements of the mind,  
 More polish'd manners, and the art to please,  
 And join with Knowledge unaffected Ease :  
 These are our boasts, and these may well supply  
 The loss of barbarous Hospitality.  
 And what ! though Vice more tempting now appears,  
 Yet Virtue too a fairer visage wears ;

Nor

Nor (conscious of their pow'r) will she disdain  
 T'admit the lovely Graces in her train.  
 Yet say not Hospitality is fled,  
 And Mirth no longer rears her drooping head ;  
 On *Avon's banks* the Sisters blithe once more  
 Have fix'd **THEIR COURT**, and glad his peaceful shore :  
 Not in their old unseemly garments seen,  
 But *Taste* and *Elegance* adorn their mien :  
 They see renew'd their *ancient Christmas feast*,  
 And every Muse a new and favourite guest ;  
 For **MILLER'S** call what Muse will disobey,  
 Where Wit and festive Humour point the way.  
  
 For her (**FAIR PATRONESS**) th' advent'rous Bard,  
 On trembling wing, this humble flight has dar'd ;

Nor yet ambitious of a poet's fame,  
 Her kind indulgence is his only claim :  
 And if these artless, unharmonious lays  
 Gain but her smiles, he asks *no other praise.*

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### The CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

— BOUGHTON, Esq;

**A**S Christmas Gambols are our theme,  
 Let's search through good old times,  
 And skim, where'er we can, the cream  
 Of Gambols, for our rhymes.

Full many a good old game 's forgot,  
 In these insipid days,  
 Which, if old folks believ'd may be,  
 Well worthy were of praise.

'Twas

'Twas in that merry Monarch's reign,  
 When Charles o'er Britain fway'd,  
 Court dames, and lords of high renown,  
 Each night some Gambol play'd.

I have premis'd, 'twas ancient times  
 When kings such games did choofe,  
 At *Westminster* each night to play  
*The Royal Game of Goose.*

Oft would the king with beauteous dame,  
 Carouse it o'er the bowl,  
 And then would play the sprightly game,  
 'Yclept *My Lady's Hole.*

We'll

We'll visit now the City dames,  
 The aldermen and mayor ;  
 The frequent pranks that here are play'd,  
 Makes Christmas *all the year.*

Ah ! could their worships but divine,  
 Where their fine ladies go,  
 Each neighbour might, to play agree  
 At *Cuckolds All-a-Row.*

The Town to quit for Country sports,  
 Will give us better cheer :  
 The pastimes we'll not all recite,  
 That's play'd in *Bed-fordshire.*

At

At villages and market towns,  
 The lads the lasses wheedle,  
 Each evening in the holidays,  
 To play at *Thread my Needle.*

But when the weather proves unkind,  
 As oft these times betide,  
 Some parties play at *Blind Man's Buff,*  
 And others *Hoopers-bide.*

Full many a lass *this game* doth rue,  
 Both rich as well as poor,  
 Far better had they learnt to play  
 At *Beat Knave out of Door.*

Whilst in the parlour cards are play'd,  
 Or novels shall be read,  
 The servants shall the *Slipper hunt*  
 And mould the *Cockle Bread.*

Each lady has her hobby-horse,  
 Few men without their poney ;  
 May *Laugh and lie down* be my lot,  
 With *Loo, and Matrimony.*

And, now I've done, this boon I crave,  
 'Twill make my Muse to amble,  
 (For tir'd she is) a sprig you'll give,  
*The Master of the Gambol.*

## CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

By JAMES BURGESS, Esq;

*TIME was, when nought the social mirth controul'd,*

But Britons revell'd, hardy, rough, and bold ;

Regarded Christmas as a gen'ral feast,

Where pleasure reign'd, and ev'ry labour ceased.

Then, when stern Winter cloath'd the hardened  
ground,

The jocund voice of mirth was heard around :

They felt no frost, when warm'd with sav'ry pies,

And humming liquor made them storms despise.

Roused by the din, old Care the banquet fled,

And hoary Winter seemed to hide his head.

See where they sit ! all ranks, all toils forgot,

Resolved to share one equal happy lot :

How with loud burst of joy their sides they shake  
 When King and Queen divide the huge Twelfth  
 Cake !

Or if at Blindman's Buff an hour they pass,  
 Faſts binds her lover's eyes the dext'rous lass,  
 Then turns him loose ; all seek some ſecret shade,  
 While chairs and stools his ſuffering ſhins invade :  
 But, if the luckless lout ſhould chance to fall,  
 What ſhouts of laughter echo through the hall.

*Such Time once was :* now turn another page,  
 See what *Time is* in this politer age.  
 Such clowniſh pranks, such frolics we diſdain,  
 To guzzle ale, or laugh at others' pain ;  
 By learning, commerce, and by arts refin'd,  
 At length we feel new pleasures in the mind :

Christmas

Christmas exulting sees a calmer scene,  
 And changes noisy mirth for joy serene.  
 No more of manners rude and stern we boast,  
 Nor scorn the produce of our neighb'ring coast ;  
 But blest with truer taste, we strike the lyre,  
 And feel our bosoms warm'd with heavenly fire :  
 Then sing each lovely nymph in smoothest verse,  
 Each beauty praise, and ev'ry grace rehearse.  
 Alike uncurst by Envy, baneful guest,  
 Or Hate, that scorpion of the human breast,  
 We see perfections rise in ev'ry line,  
 Where decent Wit and Sentiment combine.  
 Taste felt the change, and, leaving *Latium's coast*,  
 O'er British minds her empire deigns to boast ;  
 Here fix'd her standard, here preferr'd to reign,  
 And MILLER chose, the *leader* of her train.

Yet a few moments lend, ye Fair ! and see  
 What fate will still attend ; what *Time shall be.*  
 A Time shall come, so strict the fatal doom,  
 When lovely *White*, when *Pitt* no more shall bloom,  
 When the fresh rose on *Jenning's* cheek shall fade,  
 And age \* *Amelia's* locks with snow shall shade :  
 Then shall remembrance of their former joy,  
 And time well-spent the pleasing hours employ ;  
 Then shall a lovely offspring round them wait,  
 And list'ning catch the story they relate :  
 Mark how each art was tried to grace the mind,  
 How rose the Muses, how the world refin'd ;  
 When, from thick clouds emerging, Wit appear'd,  
 And from the *sacred vase* shone forth revered.  
 'Twas then we join'd the tuneful band, they'll say,  
 Then struck the chords, and sung the pleasing lay ;

\* Lady Amelia Ker.

In tend'rest strains each youth then spoke his love,  
 Which all might charm, which PIERCY might approve;  
 For PIERCY then in *those* blest shades was found,  
 Not less for virtues than for rank renown'd.  
 Fired by the tale they catch the heav'nly flame,  
 And eager burn to emulate the fame.  
 Thrice hail, ye happy times ! what endless stores  
 Of Wit shall then salute these happy shores !  
 Then future *Millers* shall appoint the prize,  
 While future *Percys*, future *Lothians* rise.

---

## ODE on the NEW YEAR.

## I.

**T**HE power of Time,—his triumphs I would sing !  
 Aid me, ye Muses, while I touch the string !

Ye, who the power of Time defy,  
Cloth'd in the robes of Immortality !

Where'er I turn mine eyes his power appears,

Trampling on the waste of years !

Egypt and all her sages are no more !

Proud *Babylon* is levell'd to the ground !

Where once she stood the prowling lions roar,

And fright the desert with their hideous sound !

## II.

See, where the stately towers arise !

The gilded turrets glitter in the sun !

*Art* rais'd the fabric, and defies

The power of Time to bring its ruin on !

Around, the winding riv'lets flow !

On every bank the roses blow !

There

There Fancy tries her utmost power  
 To rear the pile and deck the bower ;  
 The *linnet* there on every spray  
     Warbles forth its tender lay ;  
 And *philomel*, in every grove,  
     Tunes the dulcet song of love !  
 But soon the splendid vision melts away !  
 Smote by the hand of Time the towers decay,  
     And all their glories fade !  
 Low in the dust the boasted fabric's laid !  
 Around its walls no more the riv'lets flow ;  
 No more upon its banks the roses blow !  
 Within its bowers the deadly nightshade creeps ;  
 Within its groves the pois'nous serpent sleeps !  
 Where once the linnet tun'd its tender lay,  
 The inauspicious raven wings his way !

**Where philomela sung the song of love,  
The shrieking rats in airy morrice move !  
Art views the ruin'd scene,—the crumbled tower,  
And sighing,—yields to Time's superior power !**

## III.

**What mournful sounds are those I hear ?  
Suse some dire ruffian from the mother's breast  
Doth the affrighted infant tear !  
Oh no !—'tis Cupid's loud alarms  
And bitter cries that fill the air !  
Seiz'd by the hand of Time, the struggling boy  
In anguish views the fatal shears  
Which the hoary victor bears  
His fluttering pinions to destroy !  
But ah ! he strives in vain,—nor can Love's tender cry  
Appease the stern, relentless deity !**

## IV.

And cannot Beauty force him to obey ?

Nor \* Dutton's form, nor Dutton's grace

Nor all the charms of her angelic face

Can turn the tyrant from his destin'd way !

Thine eyes, thou lovely Maid, will cease to shine so

bright !

Thy flowing tresses must be grey !

Thy smiles no more will give delight !

Those looks which seem by Heaven design'd

To tell the virtues of thy mind,

All, all must hasten to decay !

Restrain thy cruel hand, O Time !

Nor cut the beauteous flower in its prime !

O turn the blasting wind aside,

And let it grow the garden's pride !

\* Now Mrs. Cook.

*For Virtue's sake that beauty spare,  
Which Virtue doth delight to wear !*

## V.

*On Avon's verdant bank reclin'd,  
While the clear stream receives the gentle wind,  
I view the passing wave, and as it flows,  
Mark how the year in silence goes !  
The wave is past,—the year is gone !  
Ah me !—how swift the years have flown away.  
Since first I felt the genial sun ;  
Since first my infant eyes beheld the day !  
And soon, perhaps, the time may come  
That brings the irrevocable doom !  
When I shall feel the genial sun no more,  
And the short, feverish day of life be o'er !*

But

But know, stern Fate, I do not fear the hour  
 When I must bend to thy almighty power ;  
 And though around my path no roses grow ;  
 Though early wrinkles mark my face,  
 And my head bears untimely snow.  
 I never, never will repine ;  
 If Time but spares the mental grace,  
 If the soft feelings of the heart be mine !

---

### A serious ODE on NEW YEAR's DAY.

**O**F time, of months, and fleeting years,  
 Unconscious, we pursue  
 Th' ideal phantom Happiness,  
 In seeking something new.

Pregnant

Pregnant with joy yon blushing dawn  
 Fresh transport seems to give,  
 Which man, for noblest purpose born,  
 Vain man forgets to live.

Still something 'midst life's pleasing toils  
 Corrodes the human breast,  
 With anxious steps we still pursue  
*A something unpossest.*

Till age and disappointment prove  
 This maxim ever clear,  
 In vain we look for solid bliss,  
 There's nought but shadows here.

Think

Think not, ye Fair, the rising year  
 Aught novel can bestow ;  
 Life's but at best a chequer'd scene  
 Of pageantry, of woe.

And while this busy maze we tread,  
 Though both alternate reign :  
 Ah ! think how transient is the bliss,  
 How permanent the pain.

Ye jocund swains who fondly hope  
 For many years in store ;  
 Live, as you'd wish that you had liv'd  
 When Time shall be no more.

With

With critic eye each year review

Past levities of youth,

And consecrate the future hour

To *Penitence* and *Truth*.

Correct whate'er obstructs the way

To Sion's blest abode :

No more adopt the sensual plan,

Henceforth the Man of God.

Say, have you with a lenient hand

E'er sooth'd the orphan's moan ;

Or have you made, by sympathy,

The widow's pangs your own ?

Have

Have you from penury and pain  
 E'er wip'd the silent tear ?  
 Or have you practis'd, as you ought,  
 Each moral virtue here ?

With transport then no more await  
 Yon bright revolving sun,  
 But to be blest amend the past  
 If aught is yet undone.

Before the solemn trumpet sounds  
 From vain delusions free,  
 Before the bubble bursts, and Time  
 Sinks in ETERNITY.

## On ELEGY, or ELEGIAC COMPOSITION.

To CELIA.

**U**NTAUGHT by Science artlessly I drew,  
 Thy picture, Celia ! goddess ever gay,  
 These flights of fancy dedicate to you,  
 And close these lines in compliment to GRAY.

Ye fond admirers of this fleeting age !

Ye tuneful bards of an enlighten'd birth !  
 Permit not smooth and elegiac page,  
 To fix her reign in cold plebeian earth.

Ope your FAM'D VILLA's hospitable door,  
 Leave glitt'ring courts, and all the pomp of kings,  
 Those flow'ry paths which angels must adore  
 Obtain protection from their mantling wings.

In that *sweet villa's shady calm retreat,*  
*Where many a day we pass in social ease,*  
*Where many a dull and tedious hour we cheat,*  
*In sports so harmless which delight and please.*

Hail, pensive Elegy!—for thee I mourn :

Hail ! the soft charm of thy prolific lay ;  
*With joyful smiles I welcome thy return,*  
*And shed, in gratitude, a tear for Gray.*

### The Subject, E L E G Y.

#### An E L E G Y on the Death of ELIZA.

COULD sad reflection e'er call forth a thought,  
 To wound the heart with sorrows yet unknown :  
 Or shew how dear the sweets of life are bought ;  
 Which scarce are tasted, but as soon are flown.

Too sure 'twould stamp for ever on my mind,  
 How once Eliza's converse I enjoy'd :  
 How once I tasted ev'ry bliss refin'd,  
 Which now the fates have cruelly deny'd.

Who but had sigh'd to view that spotless maid,  
 When first I saw her, innocent and gay :  
 When all the Loves and Graces round her play'd ;  
 Ev'n Envy hid her face and stole away.

Such goodness did her ev'ry look declare !  
 Harmonious numbers dwelt upon her tongue :  
 Her death had made the Stoic drop a tear,  
 To see such excellence depart so young.

Reason were vain, or philosophic art,  
 To calm my grief since fair Eliza's flown :  
 Since Death unpitying wing'd his fatal dart :  
 Stole her from life, and lodg'd her in the tomb.

---

## Subject, E L E G Y.

**L**ONG may the Muses give the polish'd mind  
 Pleasures which Taste and Genius only find.  
 But tell me, *Miller*, how shall we explore,  
 The highest charm amidst their sacred store ?  
 To all it varies, for as fancy guides  
 Our judgment follows what our heart decides.  
 To Wit, to Humour, some decree the prize,  
 Whilst others view them with indiff'rent eyes ;

And quitting gayer scenes delight to dwell  
 In sad Melpomene's sequester'd cell.  
 Hail to the Muses ! may their tuneful art  
 Still charm the senses, and correct the heart :  
 Whatever form, whatever dress they wear,  
 Still are their sounds melodious to my ear ;  
 But chief my praises shall the nymph obtain  
 Whose lyre attunes the elegiac strain ;  
 Those sweetly plaintive sounds to me bestow  
 Pleasures, which some perhaps would scorn to know,  
 Whilst life shall animate this vital frame,  
 Thy \* fair *Unfortunate*, oh Pope ! shall claim  
 Each tender sentiment thy bosom knew,  
 And Pity's tear her hallow'd dust bedew.

\* Alluding to Mr. Pope's Elegy on the death of an unfortunate lady.

Immortal Bard ! of all thy various lays,  
 None more than this demands superior praise.  
 With solid sense and unaffected ease  
 Thou knew'st at once to charm, instruct, and please ;  
 Long shall thy mem'ry, and thy works be dear,  
 And ages yet unborn thy name revere.

Nor *Hammond* be thy gentle strains forgot,  
 Though fortune smil'd not on thy humble lot ;  
 The sad remembrance of thy hapless flame,  
 Shall live immortaliz'd with *Delia's* name.

Next let the Muse her choicest tribute pay  
 And hail, with gratitude, her darling *Gray* :  
 “ Far from the madding crowd” he lov'd to tread,  
 With penitive step the mansions of the dead :

Nor did his soft harmonious lays disdain,  
 To grace the spot where slept the village swain †.  
 Mute now, alas ! is that melodious lyre,  
 And hush'd the voice that led the tuneful choir :  
 Peace to his ashes ! and around his tomb,  
 May never-fading laurels sweetly bloom.

Say, shall the friend who to his soul was dear,  
 Forget, neglected pass unnotic'd here ?  
 Forbid it Heaven ! that *Mason's* honour'd name,  
 Be e'er omitted in the list of fame.  
 Hark ! when his moral lyre is tun'd to woe,  
 How just, how strong, the notes pathetic flow :  
 Methinks, ev'n now, the sacred strains I hear,  
 Which grac'd bright *Coventry's* untimely bier \*.

† Mr. Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

\* Mr. Mason's Elegy on the death of La'v Coventry.

Those

Those plaintive lays with sweet instruction fraught,  
 Speak to the soul, and wake the serious thought.  
 Oh, Mason ! long to ev'ry virtue known,  
 Far spread the glory of thy just renown ;  
 For thee my heart this wish sincere shall frame,  
 Enjoy thy past, and merit future fame :  
 Long may a wond'ring world thy works admire,  
 Then wept, regretted, from that world retire.

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## Subject, E L E G Y.

HARK !—'tis the church bell tolls,—whose so-  
 lemn sound

The steady purpose of my soul invades ;  
 In vain I strive to reach yon hallow'd ground,  
 Unmov'd 'midst Melancholy's hovering shades.

All powerful Nature, struggling to oppose  
 What lenient aids Reflection might impart ;  
 Brings soft Persuasion to the plaintive close,  
 Ah ! what is Reason to a feeling heart ?

Grief such as mine, pent up within my breast,  
 No common course of friendly comfort chears :  
 Say, can a heart, can eyes like mine have rest !  
 Deny'd the solace ev'n of melting tears.

Now for a moment I possess my soul,  
 Religion claims what Reason must resign ;  
 Again my feelings baffle all controul ;  
 'Tis human still contending with divine.

Say,

Say, is not life the bubble of an hour,  
 Blown by Time's breath upon th' eternal main ?  
 Awhile to float in play of feeble power,  
 Then burst, and join Eternity again.

'Gainst Heaven's decree shall Sorrow then prevail ?  
 Each grateful offering of the heart prevent :  
 Shall not Hope dawn upon the cheerless vale ?  
 It shall, my bursting sorrows must have vent.

Oh ! she was good, and amicably kind,  
 Her form was fashion'd with peculiar grace :  
 Each fairer virtue that adorn'd her mind,  
 Was seen in softer smiles upon her face.

She

She did not seek by midnight lamps to shine,  
 Ye Fair, with borrow'd or with study'd charms ;  
 Her vows she paid at sweet retirement's shrine,  
 And veil'd her beauty in a lover's arms.

The breath of Truth did from her lips exhale,  
 Her speech the mildest was the fair among :  
 Sad sight to see those quivering lips turn pale,  
 To hear Death's faltering accents from that tongue.

Say, were my days too gayly gilded o'er  
 With bliss, for man his final doom to trace ?  
 That Heav'n, indulgent to my vows before,  
 Has snatch'd an angel from my fond embrace.

For

For sure the true, the simple joys of life,  
 To this as to their common center tend,  
 The love unrival'd of a virtuous wife,  
 The kindred feelings of a bosom friend.

Let mad Ambition by the gay be sung,  
 Or Fortune smiling through a golden shower ;  
 From such pursuits my feeble bow unstrung,  
 On Recollection lives my present hour.

And that my last, like hers whose loss I mourn,  
 May be in Virtue's sacred page approv'd ;  
 May raise this fair inscription on my urn,  
 He died *lamented*, as he liv'd *belov'd*.

I ask no more, back let my sorrows bring  
 Her form divine, as virtuous as 'twas giv'n,  
 Serene I'll mount on Hope's triumphant wing  
 To meet my Fair One in the courts of Heav'n.

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## The Subject, E L E G Y.

On the ELEGIAC MUSE.

By Miss DAVIS.

'T WAS at Bath-Easton where the *Fair*  
 And all the *Beaux Esprits* repair,  
 That ever sigh for fame.  
 There often from the hill, Parnassus,  
 Apollo, and his sprightly lasses,  
 To pass the morning came.

All

All but that melancholy maid,  
 Of pensive look, that loves the shade  
     Where weeping lovers stray,  
 Yet once, so sweet her sisters drew,  
 The festive scene, she left the *yew*  
     And e'en her favourite *Gray*,

All sweetly beam'd her pensive eyes,  
 Bright as the blue that paints the skies  
     When vernal roses bloom.  
 A cypress bound her flowing hair,  
 With budding myrtle here and there,  
     Which gave a soft perfume,

Attentive

Attentive near the vase reclin'd,  
 With Modesty and Sweetness join'd,  
 She listen'd to the lays ;  
 For Miller, gracefully polite,  
 Had pray'd each different Bard to write  
 A sonnet in her praise.

Then rising with peculiar grace,  
 A gentle smile play'd o'er her face,  
 Her pensive accent stole :  
 Each listening ear, each raptur'd sense,  
 Whilſt her soft eloquence dispense  
 A charm that won the soul.

Ah me ! no longer wild surprise  
 Within my pensive breast shall rise,  
 Why every blooming Grace,  
 And Love, with every Sister Muse,  
 Should leave their groves, and rather chuse  
 To haunt *this* favour'd place.

But *I* no more must here be seen,  
 I seek the dull *Funereal Green*  
 Where weeping Love appears ;  
 Where soft ey'd Melancholy strays,  
 We join to all our tender lays,  
 The luxury of tears.

Oh may no blooming *Nymph* or *Swain*  
 That haunt *these* groves, invoke my strain,  
     To paint successful love :  
 May each *be just*, may each *be true*,  
 And, *Miller*, long, long bleſſ'd by you,  
     Oh be this FAIRY GROVE.

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## BENEVOLENCE. A Poem.

Sacred to the Memory of Mr. ALLEN.

By the Rev. Mr. H—DC—LE.

DEEP in the shades of yon high-seated grove,  
 That in its rude and untrim'd dignity  
 Flings awful charms o'er Nature, and from Man  
 Claims adoration to the Power who rais'd it,

Pensive I rov'd, and in my fancy said ;  
 " If soft Benevolence be Nature's child,  
 " This the late scene \* of *Allen's* bless'd abode  
 " Must be her residence."—Nature methought  
 Seem'd partial to the spot ; the buxom Spring  
 Stopping his annual circuit through the isle  
 In these lov'd haunts doth loiter. Lo ! the proof—  
 In other meads the hawthorn scarce is green  
 Yet that loud guardian of her callow young,  
 High in the wood, the noisy rook, sits nested.—  
 In the soft page of many a tuneful Bard  
 My pleasing fancy oft had trac'd the scene  
 Which now, with strictly recognizing ken,  
 In musing mood I travers'd.—Pleasing theme !  
 Well might the Muse of humble *Allen* sing ;  
 To rural sojourn he had woo'd her oft,

\* Prior Park, near Bath.

For Genius, her lov'd paramour, was there ;  
 And frank good-humour, pleased whilst he pleas'd,  
 Would meet her ever at the good man's board,  
 Where plain sense spoke their welcome.—Such the host !  
 Benevolence prepar'd the rich repast,  
 And they were bless'd who shar'd it.—Mark the change !  
 Visit the dreary dome ! Some weeping Grace  
 May tell thee what was order. Some sad Muse,  
 Still lingering o'er the desolated scene,  
 May mourn the fate of lost Benevolence.  
 Yes—*Allen* and Benevolence were one :  
 Yon smiling infant lisps the good man's name :  
 He liv'd, he died respected.—Happy fate !  
 Yet—stop not here. Behold ! yon straw-roof'd cot.  
 The thankful mother, busied 'mid a group  
 Of neat-clad children, still recounts the tale :

**It was in luckless hour : dire fate of war !**

**Accur'sd necessity ! Far from his home,**

**To foreign climes, her wretched spouse was torn.**

**What then remain'd for her ?—The widow's curse.**

**Who in the piercing anguish of her soul,**

**Dares antedate Heav'n's doom, cast off the load**

**Of hated life, and desperate estate !**

**Rushing forbidden on a world unknown,**

**Leaves her lost children orphans.—Such her fate !—**

**When (copying Him who erst to bless mankind :**

**Matchless example of Benevolence !**

**From Heav'n of Heav'ns deign'd stoop) with saving**

**hand**

**Allen** stepped forth. Grief heard his well-known voice.

Benevolence, it seems, hath charmed speech.

Grief loves to listen to her.—'Twas ever so !

A shepherd swain could soothe a troubled king :  
 Benevolence with soft hand swept the lyre.  
 E'en guilt was calm'd, and Jesse's son rewarded ;  
 The story yields a lesson for mankind.  
 Let all attend. All ranks may profit by it—  
 Yes—he who saves one mortal from despair  
 Hangs high a trophy in the court of Heaven,  
 There valu'd more than all the war-won spoils  
 That giant strength e'er fought for. Learn we then—  
 To weave the wreath immortal. Think, my friend,  
 While rosy youth fits crimson on thy cheek,  
 Think 'mid the giddy crowd. From *Miller* take  
 The hint instructive, and, like her, be wise.  
 She gives the moral theme. The fault is thine,  
 Should wayward Fancy, or false Wit, invite  
 To aught but serious musing.—Ask thyself !—

**Knock at the door of Reason ! Thine own heart**

**Knows best if soft Benevolence be there.**

**Dost thou want farther proof ? Reflect, my friend,**

**When jest licentious pain'd the glowing cheek**

**Of female innocence, say, Didst thou feel**

**With those it meant to torture ? When the fair**

**Forgave the foul offence, didst thou, like her,**

**Confess the power of soft Benevolence ?**

**If thou ne'er felt the charm confess it now—**

**Miller completes what Allen but began :**

**Thus Solomon of old display'd his state ;**

**But had the wise king view'd great Sheba's court,**

**His pride convinc'd, he had there confess'd**

**His fine-drawn schemes were to perfection brought,**

**His splendor all by *female sense* outshone,**

**His every plan full-finish'd.—Yes, my friend,**

Fair Genius but in Beauty's sunshine lives ;  
Cheer'd by the ray of soft Benevolence  
The sickly plant shall thrive : I see it all !—  
The tow'ring laurel, in its full-grown pride,  
With grateful foliage oft shall deck her brow,  
Whose smile benignant, like a parent's care,  
Beam'd forth protection on the tender slip,  
Which other planters, with ill-judging eye,  
Cast out, regardless of its vast account,  
'Mong vulgar shrubs—a thing not worth the rearing.

To

## TO AUTUMN.

By — MANSELL, Esq; Trinity College, Cambridge.

O Thou who rul'st the rip'ning year,  
 Blithe god, vouchsafe awhile,  
 To lend the Muse a list'ning ear,  
 O deign to lend a smile !

Where'er thy genial sports invite,  
 (Indulge the fond request)  
 O bid me join the festal rite,  
 And hail me for thy guest !

Whether, as through the vale I tread,  
 Thy harvests thick are seen ;  
 When richer robes adorn the mead,  
 The golden for the green :

When

**When mirth that finish'd labour yields**

**Awakes the neighb'ring grove ;**

**When all throughout the laughing fields**

**Is *Innocence* and *Love* :**

**Whether at eve the joyous train**

**The sprightliest notes advance,**

**And ev'ry nymph and ev'ry swain**

**Leads on the rural dance :**

**While as, the social hall around,**

**(From out thy nectar'd store)**

**The board with ruddy fruitage crown'd,**

**Improves the festal hour.—**

**Such**

Such joys as these, if thou canst give  
 To my admiring heart ;  
 'Mid such, blest pow'r, I ask to live,  
 Where Virtue bears a part.

And Oh ! while oft the grateful smile  
 For joys like these I wear ;  
 Still may I keep in store, the while,  
 For other's woes a *tear* !

So shall I view (blithe Autumn gone)  
 Serene, with equal ease,  
 The Winter of the year come on,  
 And Winter of my days.

MORAL

## M O R A L   O D E,

On a retired HERMITAGE in the Gardens of  
*Bath-Easton—VILLA.*

G. H——T, Esq;

**S**EQUESTER'D from the joys of Sense,  
 From Folly, and Impertinence,  
 From Envy, Malice, and Deceit,  
 Companions of the guilty Great,  
 Lets steal, my lovely Philomel,  
 Unseen to YONDER RUSTIC CELL ;  
*There* taste (if bliss on earth there be  
 In Nature's garb Simplicity)  
*Those placid joys*, to kings unknown,  
 Which conscious Virtue deems her own ;

Unfelt by all who build their peace  
 On airy schemes of Happiness ;  
 To Grandeur, Wealth, and Power a prey,  
 The idle *pageants* of the day ;  
 And through th' expanse of Folly roam  
 In search of pleasures found at home.

In this *sweet retreat* we'll prove  
 United Innocence and Love ;  
 Those labyrinths and quicksands shun  
 Where tottering Virtue's oft undone ;  
 Though Pride a weak resistance boast  
 Still in the struggle often lost ;  
 While Reason's dictates yield to sense,  
 And Passion shews our impotence.

Unnotic'd

Unnotic'd we'll creation scan,  
 Contemplate Nature, study Man ;  
 Survey those wond'rous orbs that rowl  
 From Artic to Antarctic Pole ;  
 Those glitt'ring charms which vary'd grace  
 The feather'd and the finny race ;  
 On that unbounded Pow'r descent  
 Which form'd the mite and elephant ;  
 The vegetating system too,  
 With humble adoration view ;  
 The oak's proud tow'ring branches bow  
 Contrasted with the shrub below ;  
 Each fruit and variegated flower  
 Expanding at the noontide hour ;  
 With every meaner herb and tree  
 Rip'ning to full maturity.

Calm

Calm 'midst reflections such as these,

(Reflections which must *ever* please)

No more *my cot* I wish to change,

Or through the maze of Folly range;

Nor court again the public scene

While peace predominates *within*:

But now, possess'd of you, my Fair,

(Sweet antidote to ev'ry care)

*Here* let me fix, here ever *dwell*,

In Friendship bless'd and Philomel.

F I N I S.



